Volume 9, Number 7

FILM SCORE MONTHLY

Original Music Soundtracks for Movies and Television



Goodbye, David pg. 4

JERRY GOLDSMITH 1929-2004

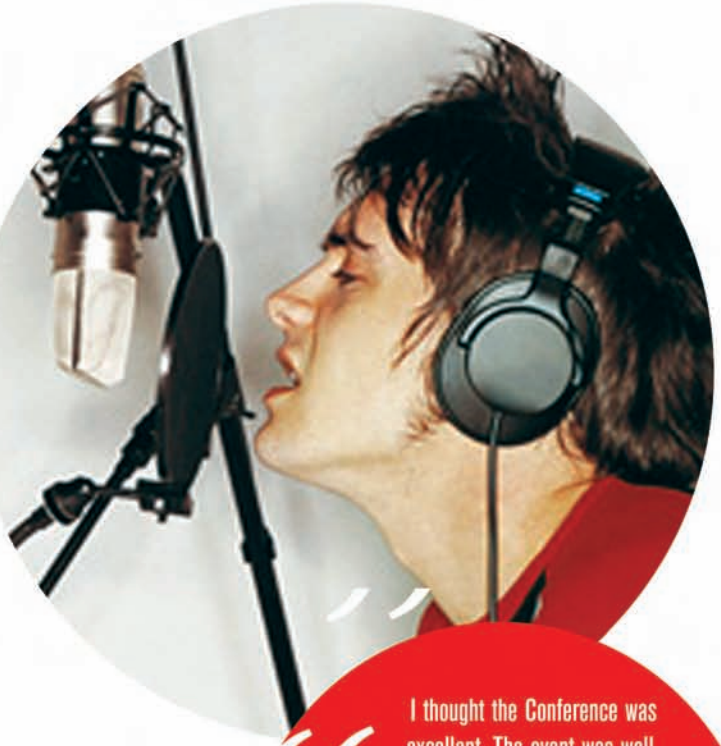
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AUGUST 2004

FILM SCORE MONTHLY

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COVER STORY

Jerry Goldsmith 1929-2004
It would be difficult to reflect on both Jerry Goldsmith's film music legacy and his recent passing without devoting an entire issue of *FSM* to him; so that's what we've done. From fan letters and remembrances to an in-depth look at his life and musical legacy, we've covered a lot of ground. Just as important, we hope you, Jerry's fans, find it a fitting tribute to a man whose monumental work meant so much to so many.

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By Jason Comerford



The Artist,



His Movies,



Our Music...and More.

ON THE COVER: *A Patch of Blue*
Illustration by Shaun Cashman ©2004

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Let the Healing Begin

I'm resisting the temptation to use that tired Dickens quote, but it truly has been a strange mixture of the worst and best in film music over the past month. With the passing of Jerry Goldsmith, Elmer Bernstein and David Raksin, there's a wound in the tight-knit world of film music fandom that will never fully heal. Sure, you could argue that neither Jerry nor Elmer was producing the career-making work of his glory days. And David Raksin had been retired for about 15 years. Still, there's no quarreling that a torch has been passed (though to whom it's unclear). These guys were the masters. They were why we love film music. They were important. And now they're gone.

Death brings us all closer to our own mortality. It forces us to deal with loss. It compels us to hope. And it ultimately helps us appreciate what we have. In short, death brings life. And never has that been more apparent than with the passing of these three men, and in particular, Jerry Goldsmith.

Yes, people are sad, even devastated by the loss of this great artist. But his passing has brought a new life to his music. Let's face it, most of us didn't know Jerry personally. We love to discuss what he was all about, how he did what he did, why he chose the films he chose, or why he acted the way he acted. The truth is, it's none of our business. We didn't get to know that Jerry. Instead, *we got his music.* And that's what will live on. The sadness many of us feel that we will never hear another new Goldsmith score is understandable but ultimately self-serving; there's more to his oeuvre of work than any one fan could appreciate in a lifetime.

So that's what we're doing: We're listening, and with a renewed enthusiasm. I can't count the number of letters we received (several of which we've reprinted in this issue's Mail Bag) from Goldsmith fans who said since learning of his death they have listened more closely, and with more appreciation, to his music.

And the same is happening with Elmer, and David, too. Maybe the best way to honor their passings and to appreciate their contributions to film music is just to keep listening to their music, and to share it with others. Perhaps we should consider it the inheritance they have bequeathed to us.

As soon as we got the news of Jerry Goldsmith's death, we knew we would have to put a large tribute together for this issue. We just didn't realize we'd have *too much* material to fill it. We wanted to make it personal. We wanted to make it interesting. More than anything, we wanted to make it matter. I hope that's what we've done. We've tried to fill the issue with equal amounts remembrances, anecdotes, retrospectives and score discussion. The truth is that we could probably turn the magazine into *Goldsmith Score Monthly* and never run out of material. We still have to finish the Goldsmith Buyer's Guide, 1999–2004, which we will do next issue.

And speaking of next issue, it looks like we'll be taking a month to gather material for our Bernstein tribute issue, which means next month will pretty much be business as usual for *FSM*. Then the issue after that will focus on the life and legacy of Elmer Bernstein.



Tim Curran, Managing Editor

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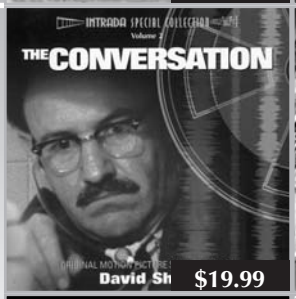
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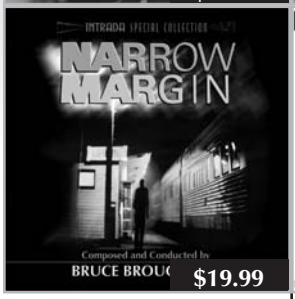
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news

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Record Label Round-Up
Upcoming Film Assignments



DAVID RAKSIN
1912–2004

David Raksin died on August 9, 2004, at his home in Van Nuys, California, after a brief illness. He was 92. He is survived by his son, daughter and three grandchildren.

Raksin was born on August 4, 1912, in Philadelphia, PA. His father, a clarinet player for the Philadelphia Orchestra, ran a music store and conducted the orchestra for silent films shown at the Metropolitan Opera House in Philadelphia, which inspired the young Raksin to pursue a career as a film composer in an era when composers tended to end up in the profession rather than seek it out.

Raksin studied the piano as a child, taught himself to play organ and percussion, and formed a dance band at the age of 12, performing at private parties and earning his union card at age 15. After graduating from the University of Pennsylvania, where he studied composition while earning his tuition through his performing and conducted jazz music for school football games, he moved to New York and arranged for dance bands. Raksin's arrangement of George Gershwin's "I Got Rhythm" was widely played and led to a publishing contract, thanks to a recommendation from Gershwin himself.

Arrangers Herbert Spencer (who would become John Williams' principal orchestrator for his great '70s and '80s scores) and Edward Powell recommended Raksin to Alfred Newman, who hired him to work with actor–writer–director–composer Charles Chaplin on the score for *Modern Times*. Chaplin would hum or whistle his melodies, and Raksin would arrange them into the score. Though Raksin's youthful bluntness led to Chaplin firing him mere weeks into their relationship, Newman convinced Chaplin to rehire him. (Raksin appears as a bit character in Richard Attenborough's film *Chaplin*, played by Michael Blevins).

Raksin contributed uncredited scoring for a large number of B movies in the late '30s and early '40s, frequently in the thriller genre, and studied under the tutelage of renowned concert composer Arnold Schoenberg, who was living in Los Angeles at the time. Despite its eventual classic status, his breakthrough film was not considered a major project by its studio, 20th Century Fox. Alfred Newman and Bernard Herrmann had both turned down the chance to write the score for Otto Preminger's romantic mystery, *Laura*—Herrmann told Newman "Laura wouldn't listen to Herrmann, she'd listen to Debussy." Raksin had to persuade Preminger not to use the song "Sophisticated Lady" as Laura's theme, finding it inappropriate for the character; Raksin was given a weekend to create a suitable new theme—or else Preminger would use the song. Stuck for inspiration, Raksin read a letter from his wife, who was out of town dancing in a show, and realized that she was essentially telling him the marriage was over. The melody that Raksin's heartbreak inspired became one of the most beloved movie themes of all time, and after the film's release, the studio decided to add lyrics to it. Raksin

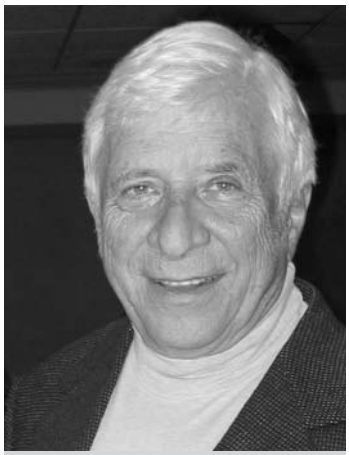


rejected all submissions—until Johnny Mercer wrote the words that would forever be associated with Raksin's melody.

Raksin worked steadily on films through the rest of the '40s and '50s, but despite his facility with melody, his sensibility was more modern than that of composers like Max Steiner and Dimitri Tiomkin, who represented the dominant forces in film music at the time. In addition, his scores were often sparsely spotted, though his first Oscar–nominated score, for 1947's *Forever Amber*, was a lengthy work dominated by a gorgeous main theme. He scored everything from romantic comedy (the Tracy–and–Hepburn vehicle *Pat and Mike*) to tragedy (*Carrie*), from noir (*Force of Evil*) to animation (James Thurber's *A Unicorn in the Garden*).

One of his classic scores was for the wonderful Hollywood melodrama *The Bad and the Beautiful*, and no less a talent than Stephen Sondheim proclaimed it one of the finest movie themes ever written. Raksin later reworked his music for the film *Two Weeks in Another Town*.

Raksin received his other Oscar nomination for the drama *Separate Tables*, which earned David Niven a Best Actor Oscar, but the experience was an unsatisfying



ELMER BERNSTEIN
1922–2004

Elmer Bernstein died August 18, 2004, at his home in Ojai, California, after a long illness. He was 82.

FSM will feature an extensive obituary in an upcoming issue dedicated to the legacy of Elmer Bernstein.

Bernstein portrait courtesy Dr. D'Lynn Waldron. All Rights Reserved.

one for the composer, as the filmmakers rejected Raksin's original version of the score and had him take a warmer, more conventional approach. Over his career he worked with an unusual variety of directors, from William Wyler (*Carrie*) to Nicholas Ray (*Bigger Than Life*), from John Cassavetes (*Too Late Blues*) to Jerry Lewis (*The Patsy*). Like many of the major composers of the era (including Herrmann and Waxman), Raksin worked in TV as well as in features, writing episode scores for such programs as *Wagon Train, G.E. Theatre* and *Medical Center* (the first episode), as well as the theme for the hit *Ben Casey* and the TV-series versions of the films *Father of the Bride* and *5 Fingers*.

Like many of the Golden Age greats, Raksin found himself in less demand during the '60s and '70s, especially due to the growing influence of pop music on film scoring soundtrack production, but Raksin himself admitted that such songs were the appropriate choice for films like *Easy Rider* and *American Graffiti*—just not for every movie. One of his final feature scores was a memorably harsh and unsettling score for the psychological horror film *What's the Matter with Helen?*, starring Debbie Reynolds and Shelley Winters. In 1983 he scored the acclaimed, controversial TV movie *The Day After*, about the aftermath of nuclear war in Lawrence, Kansas, but though director Nicholas Meyer was normally a great supporter of film music (his first feature was scored by Miklós Rózsa, and he gave important early opportunities to James Horner and Cliff Eidelman), ultimately much of Raksin's score was dialed out, and the final product was dominated by adaptations of Virgil Thomson's *The River*. His final score was for 1989 TV movie *Lady in the Corner*, starring Loretta Young and Brian Keith.

Even when he wasn't scoring for the big and small screens, Raksin stayed creatively active, writing concert pieces as well as ballets and three stage musicals. He taught classes in film scoring at the University of Southern California from 1956 to 2003, taught "Urban Ecology" in USC's School of Public Administration from 1968 to 1989, and hosted a 64-part radio series, *The Subject Is Film Music*. In 1975 he recorded an RCA album of suites from his classics *Laura*, *Forever Amber* and *The Bad and the Beautiful*, and in the 1990s each of those scores received a CD release of the original score tracks. He compiled a series of essays entitled *David Raksin Remembers His Colleagues: Hollywood Composers*. The series is available to order for members of The Film Music Society, of which he was a former president. In 1996, Ekay Music published a sheet-music collection entitled *The Timeless Melodies of David Raksin*, with each piece preceded by an introduction from Raksin himself humorously discussing the genesis of each composition; the cover has the classic movie still of Dana Andrews looking at the portrait of Laura, with the photo doctored so that it is Raksin wearing the fedora and trench coat, not Andrews. He also wrote an autobiography, *If I Say So Myself*, which is awaiting publication. **—Scott Bettencourt**

The second edition of Tony Thomas' book Music for the Movies *was an especially invaluable source of information for this article.*



ARRIVEDERCI, BABY: Home at Last Music in Ashland.

Due to our extensive tribute to Jerry Goldsmith in this issue, we've had to limit our Record Label Round-Up. We'll return to the usual listings next issue.

Chandos
Due late Sept. is *Vaughan Williams Film Music Vol. 2* (Ralph Vaughan Williams, Rumon Gamba cond. the BBC Philharmonic Orchestra), featuring the complete version of *The Dim Little Island* and the premiere suites of *49th Parallel* and *The England of Elizabeth*.

Decca
Available now is *Vanity Fair* (Mychael Danna).

FSM
We offer a coincidental salute to the late Jerry Goldsmith with our releases this month. Our Golden Age release is *I'll Cry Tomorrow* (1955), an early but accomplished score by Jerry's favorite film composer, Alex North. Our Silver Age release is a 2-CD set, *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.* Volume 3, featuring music by Goldsmith and seven others, including Dave Grusin's scores from *The Girl From U.N.C.L.E.* (1966).
Next month: Another unplanned tribute with an alternate score (paired like saddlebags) and something suitably special for our 100th Classic release.

Hip-o
Available now is *Collateral* (four cues [7:43] from James Newton Howard, various).

Intrada
Now shipping—and already sold out—is Intrada Special Collection Vol. 16, *Bandolero!* (1968; Jerry Goldsmith, cond. Lionel Newman).
www.intrada.com

JOS
Now available from John Scott's label is his 2002 score for *Time of the Wolf*.

Percepto
Due imminently is David Newman's complete score for *The Brave Little Toaster* (1986).

Screen Archives Entertainment
Forthcoming are *Foxes of Harrow* (David Buttolph) and *Son of Fury* (A. Newman). www.screenarchives.com

Sony
Available now is 2002's *Hero* (Dun Tan), featuring Itzhak Perlman and the KODO Drummers of Japan, along with the China Philharmonic Orchestra and Chorus.

Sony Classical
Due imminently is *Sky Captain and the World of Tomorrow* (Ed Shearmur).

Varèse Sarabande
Due Sept. 28: *Resident Evil: Apocalypse* (Jeff Danna); *The Final Cut* (Brian Tyler). Due Oct. 5: *The Cutting Edge* (Patrick Williams).
www.varesesarabande.com

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Germany
Oct. 9, Flanders Film Festival, Ghent, Elmer Bernstein Tribute Concert, Dirk Brosse, cond., Don Black, frequent lyricist collaborator and friend, will be speaking; *The Ten Commandments, Magnificent Seven, To Kill a Mockingbird, The Great Escape.* The evening concludes with encore of David Raksin's *Laura.*

Oct. 15, Flanders Film Festival, Ghent, Goldsmith concert, Dirk Brosse, cond.; Mrs. Goldsmith is scheduled to be in attendance.

United States

California
Oct. 29, 30, Pacific S.O.; *The Magnificent Seven* (Bernstein), *Peyton Place* (Waxman).

Colorado
Oct. 16, South Bend S.O.; *Philadelphia Story, A Place in the Sun* (Waxman).

Nov. 9, Greeley Philharmonic Orchestra, *Sunrise at Campobello* (Waxman), *Vertigo* (Herrmann).

Florida
Nov. 12–14, Tampa, Florida, S.O., Richard Kaufman's first concert as principle pops conductor; *E.T.* (Williams), *The High and the Mighty* (Tiomkin), *The Spirit of St. Louis* (Waxman), *633 Squadron* (Goodwin), *The Tuskegee Airmen* (Holdridge), "Spitfire Fugue" from *The Battle of Britain* (Walton), *Victory at Sea* (Rogers), *The Generals* Suite, *Star Trek: First Contact* (Goldsmith).

Illinois
Nov. 19, Chicago S.O., Richard Kaufman, cond.; "Golden Age of Hollywood": Steiner, Gold, Waxman, Newman, Raksin, Jarre, Korngold, Barry, Herrmann, Tiomkin, Goodwin, Mancini, Bernstein.

Lectures and other events will be organized around this concert. For more details visit www.cso.org.

Indiana
Oct. 28, N.W. Indiana S.O., *Taxi Driver* (Herrmann).

Kentucky
Nov. 13, Louisville S.O.; *The Godfather Suite* (Rota).

Ohio
Oct. 29, 30, Columbus S.O., Erich Kunzel, cond.; *Sleuth* (Addison), *Psycho* (Herrmann).

Pennsylvania
Nov. 6, Butler County S.O.; *How the West Was Won* (Newman).

Tennessee
Nov. 5, 7, Knoxville S.O.; *Psycho* (Herrmann).

Texas
Oct. 9, 10, Dallas S.O., Richard, Kaufman, cond.; *633 Squadron* (Goodwin), *The Boy Who Could Fly* (Broughton), *The Tuskegee Airmen* (Holdridge), *The Last Starfighter* (Safan), *E.T.* (Williams).

International

Italy
Oct. 10, Rome Sinfonietta, Parco della musica (New Auditorium of Rome), Scott Dunn, cond.; Leonard Rosenman Birthday Concert: *Chamber Symphony No. 1, Star Trek IV, Jurij* Suite, *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra,* world premiere of *Explosion and Extinction/Dirge for Dinosaurs* (1999), *Rebel Without a Cause.*

Spain
Oct. 22–24, Dec. 1–4, Barcelona S.O.; *Star Trek: First Contact* (Goldsmith), *Fahrenheit 451* (Herrmann), *Mary Shelley's Frankenstein* (Doyle). **FSM**

NOW PLAYING: Films and scores in current release

Alien vs. Predator	HARALD KLOSER	Varèse Sarabande
Anacondas: The Hunt For the Blood Orchid	NERIDA TYSON-CHEW	Varèse Sarabande
The Brown Bunny	TED CURSON, ET AL.	Tulip** (Japan)
The Burial Society	GEORGE BLONDHEIM	n/a
Code 46	THE FREE ASSOCIATION	Koch
Collateral	JAMES NEWTON HOWARD	Hip-O*
Exorcist: the Beginning	TREVOR RABIN	n/a
Garden State	CHAD FISCHER	Sony*
Hero	TAN DUN	Sony Classical
Last Life in the Universe	HUALAMPONG RIDDIM	n/a
Little Black Book	CHRISTOPHE BECK	n/a
Mean Creek	TOMANDANDY	n/a
Nicotina	FERNANDO CORONA	BMG (import)
Open Water	GRAEME REVELL	TVT**
Paparazzi	BRIAN TYLER	Varèse Sarabande
The Princess Diaries 2: Royal Engagement	JOHN DEBNEY	Disney*
Sky Captain and the World of Tomorrow	EDWARD SHEARMUR	Sony Classical
Superbabies: Baby Geniuses 2	PAUL ZAZA, HELMUT ZERLETT	n/a
Suspect Zero	CLINT MANSELL	n/a
We Don't Live Here Anymore	MICHAEL CONVERTINO	n/a
Without a Paddle	CHRISTOPHE BECK	n/a
Vanity Fair	MYCHAEL DANNA	Decca
Yu-Gi-Oh! The Movie: Pyramid of Light	ELIK ALVAREZ, ET AL.	RCA

*Song compilation with less than 10% underscore; **Mix of songs and score





UPCOMING ASSIGNMENTS Who's Scoring What for Whom?



A–B

John Altman *Shall We Dance?* (co-composed w/ **Gabriel Yared**).
Alejandro Amenábar *Mar Adentro* (dir. Amenábar).
Craig Armstrong *Ray* (Ray Charles biopic).
David Arnold *Bond 21*, *Return to Sender*.
Luis Bacalov *The Dust Factory, Sea of Dreams].*
Angelo Badalamenti *Evilenko*, *Napola* (themes), *A Very Long Engagement*, *Dark Water.*
Lesley Barber *Being Julia*.
Christophe Beck *The Pink Panther, Without a Paddle.*
Marco Beltrami *Cursed*.
Chris Boardman *In Her Shoes* (dir. Curtis Hanson).
Jon Brion *I Heart Huckabees*.
BT *The Underclassman, Stealth* (co-composed w/ **Randy Edelman**).
Carter Burwell *Kinsey*.

C

Sean Callery *Unstoppable* (w/ Wesley Snipes).
Jeff Cardoni *Siete Días* (aka *7 Days*), *Love for Rent*.
George S. Clinton *Mortal Kombat: Domination*, *A Dirty Shame* (dir. John Waters), *Glory Days*.

D–E

Mychael Danna *Black*.
John Debney *The Pacifier* (Disney; w/ Vin Diesel), *Christmas with the Kranks*, *Chicken Little*.
Alexandre Desplat *Hostage*, *The Upside of Anger, Birth*.
Ramin Djwadi *Blade: Trinity* (w/ Wesley Snipes; co-composed w/ **RZA**
Pino Donaggio *Toyer* (dir. Brian De Palma; w/ Juliette Binoche).
Patrick Doyle *Nanny McPhee* (w/ Emma Thompson, Colin Firth), *Man to Man, New France* (dir. Jean Beaudin).
Anne Dudley *Tristan & Isolde*.
Randy Edelman *Surviving Christmas*, *Stealth* (co-composed w/ **BT**), *Son of the Mask*, *Miss Congeniality 2*.
Danny Elfman *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* (dir. Tim Burton), *The Corpse Bride* (animated; dirs. Tim Burton, Mike Johnson).

F–G

George Fenton *Stage Beauty*, *Hitch*, *The Regulators, Bewitched* (dir. Nora Ephron).
Claude Foisy *Snake King*, *White Noise*.
Lisa Gerrard *Layer Cake*.
Michael Giacchino *The Incredibles*.
Vincent Gillioz *Frost*.
Philip Glass *Undertow*, *Partition*.
Nick Glennie-Smith *Love and Honor*, *Lauras Stern* (animated; co-composed w/ **Hans Zimmer**).
Harry Gregson-Williams *Bridget Jones: The Edge of Reason* (w/ Renée Zellweger), *Madagascar* (DreamWorks, animated), *Chronicles of Narnia: The Lion, the Witch & the Wardrobe* (Disney).

H

Joe Hisaishi *Howl's Moving Castle* (Disney, animated).
David Holmes *Ocean's Twelve* (dir. Steven Soderbergh).
James Horner *The Da Vinci Code* (dir. Ron Howard).
James Newton Howard *The Interpreter*.

I–J–K

Mark Isham *Crash*, *Racing Stripes*, *Duma*.
Jan A.P. Kaczmarek *Finding Neverland* (w/ Johnny Depp, Kate Winslet).
Tuomas Kantelinen *Mindhunters* (dir. Renny Harlin).
Rolfe Kent *Sideways* (dir. Alexander Payne), *The Last Shot.*
David Kitay *Elvis Has Left the Building*.
Penka Kouneva *The Connecticut Kid*.

L

Adrian Lee *The Reckoning* (w/ Willem Dafoe; co-composed w/ **Mark Mancina**).
Christopher Lennertz *The Deal* (w/ Selma Blair), *Sledge: The Story of Frank Sledge*.
Joseph LoDuca *Saint-Ange*, *Boogeyman.*

M–N

Mark Mancina *The Reckoning* (w/ Willem Dafoe; co-composed w/ **Adrian Lee**).
Richard Marvin *Eulogy* (w/ Ray Romano).
Alan Menken *Noel* (dir. Chazz Palminteri).
Richard G. Mitchell *A Good Woman* (w/ Helen Hunt, Tom Wilkinson).
Ennio Morricone *Libertas*, *Fateless*, *Sportman van de Eeuw*.
Mark Mothersbaugh *The Life Aquatic* (dir. Wes Anderson), *Lords of Dogtown*.
Ira Newborn *E-Girl*.
David Newman *I Married a Witch* (dir. Danny DeVito).
Randy Newman *Cars* (animated).
Thomas Newman *The Cinderella Man* (dir. Ron Howard; w/ Russell Crowe), *Lemony Snicket's A Series of Unfortunate Events*.
Adam Nordén *The Defender*.
Michael Nyman *The Libertine* (w/ Johnny Depp).

O–P

John Ottman *Imaginary Heroes* (main theme); *House of Wax*; *Kiss, Kiss, Bang, Bang*; *X-Men 3*.
Basil Poledouris *Under Siege 3*, *King Conan: Crown of Iron*.
Rachel Portman *Because of Winn-Dixie.*
John Powell *Mr. and Mrs. Smith*.
Zbigniew Preisner *The Beautiful Country*.
Karl Preusser *Spymaster USA*.

R

Trevor Rabin *The Great Raid, Mr. Ripley's Return*.

S–T

Lalo Schifrin *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* (w/ Robert De Niro, Kathy Bates).
Marc Shaiman *Team America: World Police* (dirs. Trey Parker, Matt Stone).
Ed Shearmur *Skeleton Key* (dir. Iain Softley).
David Shire *The Tollbooth*.
Howard Shore *King Kong* (dir. Peter Jackson), *The Aviator* (dir. Martin Scorsese).
Alan Silvestri *The Polar Express* (dir. Robert Zemeckis).
James Stemple *Bukowski: Born into This*.
William Susman *Oil on Ice*, *Native New Yorker*.
Brian Tyler *The Big Empty* (w/ Jon Favreau), *Sahara*.

V–W

Vangelis *Alexander* (dir. Oliver Stone).
James L. Venable *The Year of the Yao.*
Stephen Warbeck *The Oyster Farmer*.
Alan Williams *Crab Orchard*.
John Williams *Star Wars: Episode III–Revenge of the Sith*.
Debbie Wiseman *Freeze Frame, Arsène Lupin.*

Y–Z

Gabriel Yared *Shall We Dance?* (w/ **John Altman**).
Christopher Young *Hide and Seek*, *An Unfinished Life* (dir. Lasse Hallström).
Aaron Zigman *Raise Your Voice, The Wendell Baker Story*.
Hans Zimmer *Spanglish*, *Over the Hedge*, *A Good Year*, *The Weather Man* (dir. Gore Verbinski).

The Hot Sheet

John Barry *Brighton Rock* (London stage musical).
Christophe Beck *Elektra, The Perfect Man, Taxi.*
Marco Beltrami *The Flight of the Phoenix, XXX: State of the Union.*
Teddy Castellucci *The Longest Yard* (w/ Chris Rock, Adam Sandler).
Bobbé Gipson *The 3rd Crime Interlude, Unlawful Gain.*
George Fenton *Valiant* (Disney, animated).
Joseph LoDuca *Devour.*
Theodore Shapiro *Aeon Flux* (w/ Charlize Theron).
Brian Tyler *Constantine* (w/ Keanu Reeves).
Hans Zimmer *Lauras Stern* (animated; co-composed w/ **Nick Glennie-Smith**).

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mailbag

A Very Special Collection Of Tributes & Salutes From *FSM*'s Readership

The following is but a small sampling of the letters we received in commemoration of Jerry Goldsmith's passing.

Lonely Are the Brave

Wow—this man basically has scored my life. His music is such a part of me that I feel a part of me has died. I know that sounds melodramatic, but I think there are a lot of film score fans out there who know exactly what I mean. This has been a terrible year in terms of incredible people and musicians dying. Michael Kamen and Jerry Goldsmith in the same year? I am very sad right now. I am looking forward to seeing the commemoration in Jerry's honor.

Eric Wemmer
erwem576@woh.rr.com

You probably have more than 200 posts on your message board called "R.I.P. Jerry Goldsmith." (See: www.filmscoremonthly.com/board/posts.asp?threadID=21198&forumID=1)

This is one of the most genuine and heartfelt threads I've ever seen on any net board. It is the real tribute to a composer so many people thought of as family. You should really consider bottling this and printing it and mailing it to your subscribers/clients in some way. Or at least sending it to the Goldsmith family.

Just read some of these posts—you can't get far without your eyes starting to tear. I have found the messages sad but at the same time comforting. Overall, the thread is a true compliment to Goldsmith. Being an old fart, I at times felt superior to all you young folk who were only discovering Jerry with *Star Trek* or *Poltergeist*. No more. I only wish I could write a goodbye as well as many of these "kids" did.

Bill Finn
w.j.finn@verizon.net

Hollow Man

Personally, Jerry Goldsmith's death has left me feeling quite cold and hollow. I don't think a day ever passes without me reaching for a piece of the man's work to listen to. I always dreaded this day would come, and I still can't seem to get my head around the fact that I'll never see him conduct again. I was blessed with seeing him on three occasions, something I will carry in my heart for all times.

I'd always hoped I would get to meet the man one day—not to take up too much of his time—simply shake his hand and maybe ask if he would be gracious enough to sign his name for me, something I could treasure for all my days.

That's the end of that dream, right? I guess a little of us all died last Wednesday…

Darren Allison
Herts, United Kingdom

Jerry Goldsmith was one of the true musical geniuses of the 20th century. I just want to let you know that we at *Colonne Sonore* send a special thought out to Jeff Bond, who has written the most intelligent and deepest things I've ever read about Jerry's music.

Maurizio Caschetto
lordsidious@libero.it

Six Degrees of Separation

I didn't know him. I never spoke to him, I never met him, I never shook his hand. But I know that I will miss him.

Being aware of an artist whose work is so timeless, it's tough to learn the truth that the man creating it all is merely a mortal. And when word comes in the form of some antiseptic news link on a web page that the man—a complete stranger, some name on an album jacket—has died, the news resonates with as much sadness and loss as if he were family.

But, in a way, he was family. For me, his incredible compositions underscored more than just countless Hollywood films. It underscored much of my life. It played behind long car rides and during active afternoons of cleaning the house. It played behind my own lesser films I made in high school. It played in my head when it wasn't playing anywhere else.

And because the man's music is immortal, even though the man himself is not, his exquisite melodies, bold orchestrations and confounding rhythms will continue to play for a long, long time. He will never meet my children, but my children will hear his music—and they will know who he was.

Here's to you, Jerry, for offering up so much original artistry, sharing it in such volume with the entire world and leaving us such a magnificent and lasting a gift. No mortal man could done have better.

Glenn Garvie
Hawthorne, NJ

Two or three summers ago, I was stunned to see a familiar-looking older gentleman with a distinctive silver ponytail, rollerblading (!) along Dockweiler Beach south of Playa Del Rey. He was with two younger gentlemen flanking him for support, one of whom could have been his son. It was a very surreal sight (but nice to think of Jerry as a go-for-it, active senior citizen). Has he ever referred to doing anything like this in any interviews/conversations with you guys? Or is this just the start of a Virgin-Mary-esque trend of seeing Jerry Goldsmith in unlikely places?

Truly saddened,

Chris Cooling
cooling@usc.edu

The Sum of All Fears

This morning I was shocked to learn of the death of Jerry Goldsmith. I had just bought the SACD of his 2000 London concert with the LSO. I see this now as my last memory of this incredible composer. This is also because in 2000 he mentioned the making of this CD and praised the quality of the SACD system. And he's right. SACD is the very best as a listening experience. It really is as though you're in the concert hall listening to a live performance. It's something to recommend to everyone. Having been to most of Goldsmith's London concerts, I found each and every one of them a delight and will remember them dearly.

Flip Jansen
flip.jansen@wanadoo.nl

Forever Young

When I was growing up, Jerry Goldsmith's music was all around me…music that I loved, and I didn't even know his name at the time: *Dr. Kildaire*, *Room 222*, *The Waltons*, *Police Story*, the alternate *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea*, and my very favorite, *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.* And who knows how much he did for episodes of other shows. It wasn't until 1978–79 when I learned his name with the *Alien* and *Star Trek: The Motion Picture* scores. Since

then, I don't think there's been a single week that I haven't listened to something of his. Right now, his *Extreme Prejudice* soundtrack is on again, providing the perfect background to reading Tony Hillerman's latest novel. I can't believe there won't be another new Goldsmith work.

Jay Kirkland
jaykirk@compusmart.ab.ca

A Gathering of Eagles

I have been inspired by Jerry Goldsmith's music all my life. I had always hoped I would get to meet him some day, and being a young composer myself, I dreamed of studying under him. His film scores have had more influence on my music than that of any other composer. His music has been such an integral part of my life for so long, I feel like I have lost a close friend. I don't think I have ever gone an entire week without listening to his music, and rarely has a day gone by when one of his themes didn't go through my head.

His death has had a great impact on me, but I know that his music will always have the greatest impact. His contribution to my life, and to the culture, will live on.

Nathaniel Scott
nathanielscott@direcway.com

The news of Jerry Goldsmith's passing hit me like a ton of bricks. I knew he was old and often sick in recent years. Nonetheless, I was hoping that the master might recover his health and go on to compose well into his '80s.

I will miss Jerry's craftsmanship and the peculiarity of his scores in this world of increasingly homogenous film music wallpaper (fill in the list of names). I originally became enchanted with Goldsmith's *Star Trek: The Motion Picture* score. I hadn't known until then that a score could be real music.

From that point on I followed his every step and every rumor about any movie he might be scoring. Usually I was at the store getting his new albums the first day or the first week they were released. Sometimes I would go to see the movies just to hear his score.

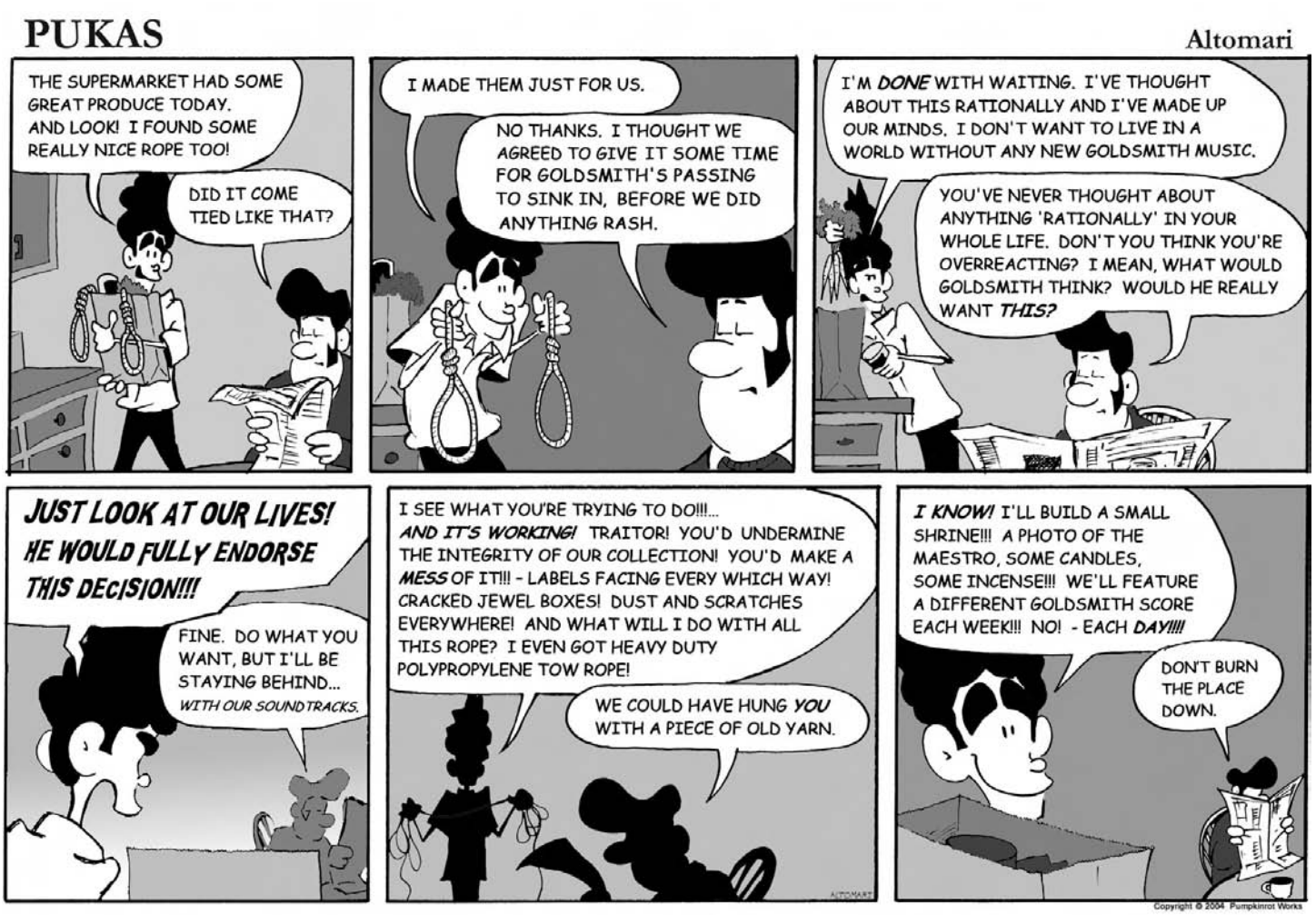
Film Score Monthly has played an important part in my knowledge of film music culture for the past several years. I especially appreciated the several issues in 1999 where the Goldsmith catalog was compiled and reviewed [The Buyer's Guide].

I would like to see the Academy Awards finally give Goldsmith a posthumous life–achievement award next year. (They stiffed him so many times.) Can something be done to pitch some weight in the direction of recognizing him in this way?

Brad Clay
Brad.Clay@capmetro.org

The Vanishing

A brilliant light has gone out on this earth. Jerry, I will miss you so much. I'm glad I got to meet you in Detroit in 2000. You have been my muse. Your music has been the soundtrack to my life. When I was down, your artistry would lift me back up and give me courage. When life felt mundane, your enchanted music and imagination would remind me that the world is full of magic. When my heart was so full with affection, your sweeping majestic themes would only fill it further, showing me that emotion has no limits. I thank you for all your brilliance and talent. I thank you for giving an adolescent so much company and so much hope. And now this adult will forever cherish your gifts to the world.



My sadness runs so very deep right now. My heart goes out to Jerry's family and friends. I think I will play "Everywhere" from *Powder*, one of Jerry's favorites (according to him when he signed it for me).

And to all who knew him and loved his music, my heart goes out to you as well. Our collective love for this man and his music is a mighty sign of just how powerful an effect his art had on all our lives.

This very sad day is also a day to be thankful that we have so much of his work preserved on CD. My children will know the genius and the heart of this great 20th century film composer. They too will get the chance to love Jerry Goldsmith.

Nick Zarvis
jroc64@webtv.net

On the Friday night after Jerry Goldsmith's death, I invited all my friends to gather in his honor. Thank you, Jerry, for your wonderful music. Your legendary work has defined the true art form of music for modern motion pictures. You will always be the greatest and will be remembered as such.

Jordan R. Stoitchkov
Buenos Aires, Argentina

Twilight's Last Gleaming

I just learned of Jerry Goldsmith's death. The article said that he suffered with cancer in his last years. Funny how art sometimes shows nothing of the declining of the artist. I want to offer a kind of prayer here to Jerry:

Thank you, Jerry, for *The Sand Pebbles*, *The Blue Max*—the list goes on and on. The world is a better place because of your compositions—at least mine is. Rest in peace, Requiescat in Pace.

Dcn. Greg Zoltowski
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mailbag@filmscoremonthly.com

Extreme Prejudice

FSM's regular critics chime in with a few thoughts...

One for the Ages

More than my favorite composer, Jerry Goldsmith was the name in movie credits that really mattered to me—not the name of a star or of a director. When I went to a Jerry Goldsmith movie, I knew no matter what failings ruined the story or the style, no matter how terrible the movie, the music would tell a story often much better than the one on the screen. In the dozens of examples in his distinguished career where his music not only supports and highlights the action, but also often transcends the visual to take us to a different world of aural pleasure, Jerry Goldsmith leaves an unparalleled legacy of some of the greatest works of contemporary music: *Lilies of the Field*, *In Harm's Way*, *A Patch of Blue*, *The Sand Pebbles*, *Planet of the Apes*, *Patton*, *Chinatown*, *The Wind and the Lion*, *The Omen*, *Coma*, *Star Trek*, *The Secret of NIMH*, *Under Fire*, *The Russia House*, *L.A. Confidential*. The catalog is simply staggering, even including titles whose only point of interest is the music. Imagine *The Swarm* without Jerry's buzzings, or the remake of *Stagecoach* without Jerry's classic Americana. Does *Basic Instinct* make any sense without Jerry's sneaky, sinuous theme that lets us know right away there is nastiness afoot? Is *The Blue Max* anything more than an overheated Ursula Andress/George Peppard romance without the drama and danger of World War I aviation created by Jerry's orchestra? The legacy even includes a famous example of different versions of a bad Ridley Scott movie, *Legend*, scored first by Jerry Goldsmith and later by Tangerine Dream. Is there anyone who listens to or watches the latter?

Jerry Goldsmith was not only a successful film and television music composer; he also became a celebrity, frequently mobbed by fans and concert patrons during his occasional appearances as a conductor, as much to his amusement as sometimes to his dismay. And his fans could be famously annoying for obsessing over the lack of a CD of *The Vanishing* instead of enjoying the dozens of available scores. Or showing up with piles of LPs and CDs and tastelessly asking for dozens of autographs, something I witnessed at the Career Achievement Award Dinner honoring Jerry given by the Society for the Preservation of Film Music in 1993. Attendees at that event received one of the now-classic pieces of Goldsmith



memorabilia, a CD with a photo of Jerry and excerpts from four scores otherwise unavailable at the time: *The Flim-Flam Man*, *Take a Hard Ride*, *Magic* and *Baby: Secret of the Lost Legend*. For Jerry Goldsmith has always inspired a fanatical following among soundtrack collectors, among whom I include myself. From weekly trips as a kid to the record department of the local store—delighting in the new Mainstream release with the beautiful artwork and the lousy recording quality or the brief reign of cassettes that made it possible to carry around little versions of *Logan's Run* or *The Boys From Brazil* or make your own version of *Capricorn One* to travel with—to the advent of compact discs with better sound and the glory days of Varèse Sarabande and *Film Score Monthly*, his music has always been with me. This legacy of brilliant dramatic, comedic and often classic music left to us—listened to, enjoyed, admired and collected throughout the world as well as being increasingly performed in concert halls and festivals—qualifies Jerry Goldsmith to be considered one of the most important and admired composers in the history of music.

Kyle Renick

Large Shoes to Fill

Film music fans may miss Jerry Goldsmith, but directors like Joe Dante and Paul Verhoeven will miss him even more. Goldsmith's sound has helped pushed many films from good to great, and from not so good to quite enjoyable. In remembrance of the man who arguably has influenced modern film music more than any other, perhaps other composers could stop ripping him off for a year. Granted that's not an easy request—when someone dabbles in every conceivable genre, they leave footprints. Anyhow, I'm sure we'll be hearing Jerry again…

Luke Goljan

Case in Point

If I were to make the claim—and I am—that Jerry Goldsmith is the finest composer to ever come out of Hollywood, I would submit his score for *In Like Flint* as my strongest evidence.

"What?!" you cry. "What about *Planet of the Apes*, *Patton*, *The Wind and the Lion*, *Alien* or any other of his orchestral masterworks? *Flint* is fluff. *Flint* is…pop!" Exactly! The score to this 1967 spy adventure/spoof has it all: adventure, romance, exoticism and humor!

(continued on page 48)

The Gold Standard

Quantifying Jerry Goldsmith's Contribution to Film Music Isn't Easy

By Jeff Bond



For many readers of this magazine it must be difficult to accept the fact that there will no longer be new Jerry Goldsmith scores to look forward to each year. It's worth asking whether *Film Score Monthly* would exist without Jerry Goldsmith, regardless of the composer's known antipathy for the magazine. Sometimes *FSM* could seem more like *Jerry Goldsmith Monthly*, as the composer's efforts were endlessly analyzed, discussed, argued over and anticipated by a large percentage of readers. Among fans Goldsmith was a bit like The Beatles for a certain generation, even coming into prominence around the same time in the mid-'60s.

Like any influential artist, Goldsmith was both embraced and derided before he became an institution. He was threatening to those who had grown up listening to composers of Hollywood's Golden Age, while children of the '50s and '60s inherently "got" his style to the point where his trademark devices and approaches came to define the very sound of motion picture music for them. And like any artist with a career that spans almost half a century, Goldsmith himself evolved from being the vanguard of the cutting edge of film music experimentation to one of the "grand old men" who more and more represented the traditional way of doing things. His greatest strength as a composer—his incredible adaptability—brought him the most criticism later in his career as he changed and evolved so as to remain useful when the precepts of movie scoring had been irreparably altered.

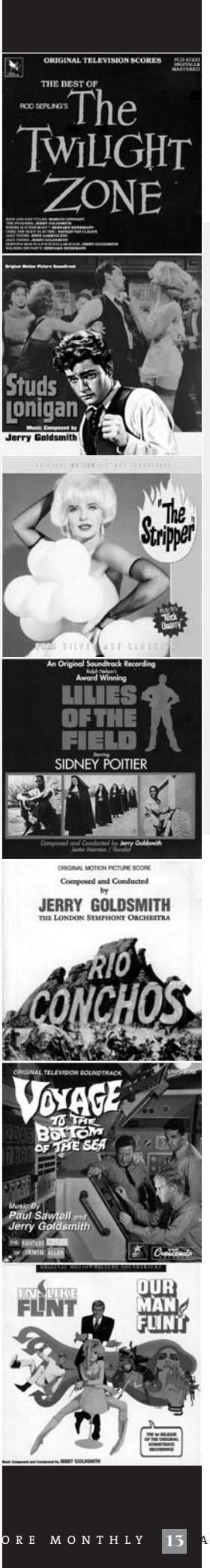
Jerry Goldsmith's career took shape during a period when film music was arguably forming its most distinct modes of expression, during the late 1950s and early 1960s. Prior to this, the wallpaper, lush sound of Hollywood's Golden Age dominated film, and while the composers of this period—Max Steiner, Franz Waxman, Hugo Friedhofer,

Bernard Herrmann, Dmitri Tiomkin—were all spectacular individual artists, the aesthetics of the period still leaned toward a more unified, 19th–century romantic sound. By the late '50s, modernism was beginning to creep into film scoring, and important new voices were being heard, including Alex North, Elmer Bernstein and Leonard Rosenman. Film music began to splinter into more varied territory as new artists arrived on the scene, people like Maurice Jarre, Henry Mancini, Ennio Morricone, Lalo Schifrin and John Barry. By the mid–'60s, the biggest film composers had such distinct individual styles that a careful listener might be able to call the composer after hearing just the first few bars of a main title theme. The old practice of filling up every minute of a film with lush music had given way to a more careful and spare approach, making the presence of music far more effective in what it could achieve.

That Goldsmith was able to stand out among this incredible company is a testament to his work, his unique voice and his longevity. He did not spring forth from whole cloth, and he often cited his influences, including Bela Bartók (whose astringent writing for strings can be heard in Goldsmith's *Freud,* in his *Twilight Zone* scores, and in *Logan's Run, Coma* and several other works), Alban Berg, Sergei Prokofiev and presumably pianist Jacob Gimpel, whose distinctive staccato playing style became a trademark of Goldsmith's work.

Goldsmith also learned from and built on the work of his predecessors and contemporaries in the film scoring world. He was a friend of Alex North, and the lean, fragile emotional modernism that North applied to film became a strong element of Goldsmith's writing. Goldsmith learned from the exotica of scores from Friedhofer and Kaper, the rhythmic drive of Miklós Rózsa and the keening, smooth string writing of Alfred Newman. And while his music was markedly different in style, Bernard Herrmann's orchestrational daring and his innate understanding of the needs of genre and suspense films found a natural heir in Goldsmith.

Goldsmith's early work in radio and the crucible of live television spurred his ability to work to exacting standards and with remarkable speed, often scoring several episodes of different TV shows in the space of a week. And his early efforts quickly became iconic even though the composer was just beginning to explore his style. In particular, his memorable scores for Rod Serling's *The Twilight Zone* helped develop new approaches to horror and suspense, areas that Goldsmith would dominate for the next few decades. Goldsmith's voice was as distinctive as any



American composer's, but he was also so flexible that for a long period throughout the '60s and '70s each main title he wrote for a film seemed shockingly new—that the same man could have written the jaunty, witty music for Michael Crichton's 1979 *The Great Train Robbery* along with the darkly threatening waltz of *The Boys From Brazil,* the hammering overture of the thriller *Capricorn One* or the metallic nervousness of Crichton's *Coma* all within about a year of each other is almost inconceivable. In interviews Goldsmith could seem a sentimentalist with a surprisingly wry sense of humor, but one seemingly incapable of or disinterested in describing his work in mere words.



Goldsmith became a defining voice in sci-fi, fantasy and horror genres because he was a man of ideas who could think of the orchestra and its possible applications in unconventional terms.

Asked about how he approached his rapturous finale to the third *Omen* movie, *The Final Conflict,* in which a titanic mix of choir and brass accompanies nothing less than the Second Coming of Christ, Goldsmith once replied "I don't know; I just did it." Asked about a disturbingly anthropomorphic string effect he used during a key moment in *Chinatown*, Goldsmith dismissed any notion that there was a symbolic meaning behind the sound. "I just had the orchestra recreate the sounds I heard inside my head," he explained.

Sometimes he had his own reasons for downplaying his efforts; on Ridley Scott's 1979 *Alien*, the composer wrote a score that was easily as experimental and shocking as his work for *Planet of the Apes* a decade earlier, but Scott never fully communicated what he wanted from Goldsmith, and the result on film was a patchwork of original Goldsmith cues and temp–track leftovers from his 1962 score for *Freud* and Howard Hanson's *Romantic Symphony No. 2.* Ironically, it was Goldsmith who wanted his score to be more romantic, at least in the main and end titles he originally wrote, which built from a lonely trumpet theme to a majestic, melancholy statement. But Scott and editor Terry Rawlings disliked some of the score's bigger moments and emphasized an ethereal, creepy tone for the score. Goldsmith responded with a main title sequence that he claimed took him five minutes to write—a mix of ghostly low flutes and echoing percussion, something that seemed to echo from the remains of a dead, ossified culture. Yet one critic noted that the main title "defeats musically everything that Goldsmith has previously written."

Goldsmith dismissed the score for years after as a "bunch of effects," saying, "…it gets boring when you're just writing fear all the time." Yet while the score is undeniably one of the most frightening ever written, Goldsmith achieved an extra level by using blown conch shells, didgeridoos and medieval serpents to give a ghastly, truly alien "voice" to the film's silent creature, creating music that really seemed to come from another world.

Despite his protestations to the contrary (always insisting that he simply reacted to film emotionally and then wrote the appropriate music), Goldsmith became a defining voice in the science fiction, fantasy and horror genres because he was a man of ideas who was able to think of the orchestra and its possible applications in unconventional terms.



Goldsmith was a master at processing exotic, ethnic sensibilities musically—but he had a special talent for Americana as well.



The litany of imaginative effects he was able to apply to films of unusual subject matter is legion: the electric gong that played like a counterpoint to the *Seaview*'s sonar ping in his short-lived theme to the television series *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea*; the electronic motif that added a high-tech element to the thriller score *The Satan Bug* and the exotic-sounding, almost Middle Eastern melody Goldsmith applied to the film's germ-warfare bug, which contributed to the film's xenophobic, paranoid atmosphere; the Lorelei soprano voice that book-ended *The Illustrated Man* with a sense of destiny and fate foretold; the upside-down use of acoustic instruments in *Planet of the Apes* that musically depicted an upside-down civilization, and the wild hooting of a Brazilian cuika that put simian voices in the middle of the orchestra; the horrifying animal howls and screeches that evoked the demons of hell itself in *The Mephisto Waltz*; the submerged electronic effects of *The Reincarnation of Peter Proud* to sound out the memories of a drowned man calling from beyond the grave; the three-note ostinato that symbolized an entire future dystopia in *Logan's Run*.

Goldsmith wrote one of his most gorgeous love themes for the psychological thriller *Magic*, then smashed it headlong against his seesawing, maddening harmonica motif for the ventriloquist dummy "Fats." He created a horror trademark by transforming the pseudo-religious Latin choirs of Carl Orff and Stravinsky into the demonic voices of the *Omen* series. For *Poltergeist*, Goldsmith focused on a world of childhood nightmares, pitting soothing lullabies and spectral awe against a feral, carnivorous malice so convincingly written and performed that the composer was able to suggest a malevolence that is never really given visible shape or form. When he scored Joe Dante's "It's a Good Life" segment of *Twilight Zone—The Movie*, he took an antique comic device—an old-time car horn—and turned it into a spine-chilling horror sting.

Star Trek...and Beyond

For many, Goldsmith's masterpiece was his 1979 score to *Star Trek: The Motion Picture* (even Goldsmith cited it as one of his favorites), a score written (and rewritten) under impossible circumstances that seemed fated to stand in the shadow of John Williams' earlier *Star Wars* music. But Goldsmith managed to bring the project the martial fire and scope that Williams had supplied for the Lucasfilm epic while striking out in his own direction. A brassy march for the film's title music was almost obligatory, but Goldsmith's was more driving and American in character than Williams' intentional nod to Hollywood's Golden Age. Goldsmith not only got to write an elegant, spectral love theme for the film, he also adapted it for the last "road-show" pre-credit overture ever to be written for an American movie. But while his majestic, noble theme perfectly encapsulated the *Star Trek* franchise (so much so that it was later used as the title music for the popular *Star Trek: The Next Generation* TV series, leading a few young Trekkies to accuse Goldsmith of ripping the theme off when he reprised it in *Star Trek V*), it was Goldsmith's approach to the film's science-fiction aspects that showed the composer at his most ingenious and adaptable. He reworked a recurrent open-fifth fanfare—developed in earlier projects like *Papillon* and *The Wind and the Lion*—into an exciting theme for the film's Klingons, which helped reposition these original villains from the '60s into a new, compellingly barbaric role. And his use of the percussive blaster beam to herald the film's mysterious alien menace, V'ger, was more effective in characterizing this incomprehensible entity than the film's special effects.

It was typical of Goldsmith's positioning throughout the late '70s and '80s that the *Star Trek* movie series became the also-ran of sci-fi franchises, a series of reliable money-makers that never managed to attain much respect. Goldsmith wasn't asked to work on the two most successful entries in the film series, *The Wrath of Khan* and *The Voyage Home*. William Shatner asked him to return to the franchise for the disastrous *Star Trek V: The Final Frontier*, and just as on bombs like *Damnation Alley* and *The Swarm*, Goldsmith came out smelling like roses while the film tanked (in an unusually sympathetic review, *Newsweek*'s David Ansen said "…the film owes much of its dramatic pull to Jerry Goldsmith's big, hard-working score."). Goldsmith's *Trek V* score was less experimental than his *TMP* magnum opus—but it was still rich with new themes even while it returned to material from the first film to give the score the feeling of a new movement in an ongoing symphony. Goldsmith returned to the franchise for *First Contact*, working with son Joel to underscore the TV menace of the Borg; for *Insurrection*, where he characterized a peaceful agrarian culture with one of the



gentlest themes ever produced for the movie franchise; and for the moribund *Star Trek Nemesis*, one of the last scores in Goldsmith's career. While *Nemesis* showed some fatigue in its melodic material, Goldsmith threw himself into creating some of the most thunderous space-battle music of the franchise, with enough percussion to put listeners in mind of some of his memorable war music from *The Blue Max*.

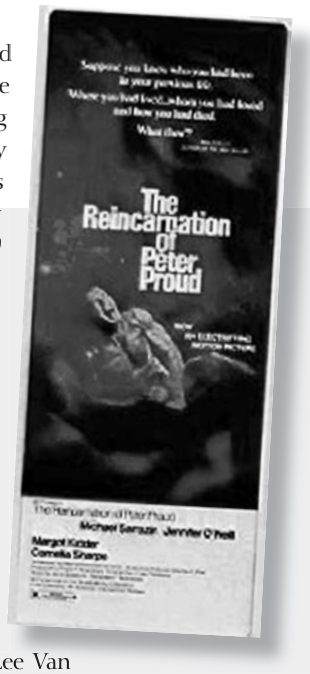
While he was capable of scoring in a delicate, emotional mode, Goldsmith's music seemed to appeal to men more than women, and he had a special knack for action, violence and tension—often sketching out the persona of the lonely male hero with a spare, isolated trumpet solo while the abrasive snarling of trombones gave voice to masculine rage and aggression (that said, Goldsmith still tackled his share of "women's pictures"—like *The Stripper, Angie, Not Without My Daughter, Medicine Man* and *A Patch of Blue*—with sensitivity and passion). He loved working on projects like *Rudy* or *Legend* that gave voice to his romantic, emotional side and often dismissed his action and horror scores as exercises in effect; but somehow Goldsmith's grasp of the dark side of human psychology was more convincing and powerful than his lighter works. Socially, Goldsmith seemed more like a regular guy than many of his contemporaries (his agent Richard Kraft described him as a "blue collar composer"); self-deprecating and wryly funny, Goldsmith seemed like the kind of guy you could have a beer with, while with someone like John Williams you'd expect a glass of claret.



Master of Genres

Goldsmith's mastery of the action genre produced some of the most exciting movie scores ever written. From the beginning he favored jagged, idiosyncratic rhythms that gave many of his action cues the feeling of some kind of infernal machine that unwound with increasing power and freneticism, gathering orchestral forces together into explosive finales. He developed the percussive piano playing he had employed in an early chase in the black-and-white thriller *Shock Treatment* into the unforgettable action showpieces of *Planet of the Apes*, fashioned elaborate action finales for battle sequences in *The Blue Max* and *The Sand Pebbles* and brought a crazed, desperate mania to the foot chases of *Papillon*. He had a knack for bringing out vibrant performances, like the wild trumpet volley that climaxes the furious "Raisuli Attacks" cue in *The Wind and the Lion*, and his scores remained both percussion-driven and expressive long after most big-budget movies had turned to a kind of indistinct orchestral mush—his last action score, *Timeline*, was as drum-heavy as ever.

Goldsmith managed to showcase this kind of confidence and power on his earliest film projects, two westerns: *Black Patch* and *Face of a Fugitive*. Goldsmith never scored a classic western but did provide highly effective scores for character-driven pieces like *Hour of the Gun, The Ballad of Cable Hogue* and*Wild Rovers*; his other western projects were action-oriented programmers. But he brought a new perspective to the "oater" that seemed in a strange way to anticipate the death of the genre that would occur by the mid-1970s. Where previous composers and filmmakers had depicted the American West in broad romantic strokes, Goldsmith approached the genre from its dark and dangerous underside, depicting the wilderness of the frontier in spare, brutally percussive terms into which heroic folk tunes intruded cautiously in minor registers before they could declare themselves fully. *Rio Conchos* and *100 Rifles* were as tough and aggressive as any western score ever written, while *Take a Hard Ride*—a bizarre blaxploitation gamble—was approached almost wistfully. Goldsmith's contemporaries on the prairie of the '60s were Ennio Morricone and Elmer Bernstein, and each defined the genre in more popular terms—Bernstein embracing the wide-open optimism of John Wayne, Morricone the offbeat quirkiness that was an inevitable byproduct of the spaghetti western approach. Goldsmith showed he could invade either's turf, whether with the unnerving harmonica solos for veteran spaghetti western bad guy Lee Van Cleef in *Take a Hard Ride* or by out-Elmering Elmer with a stupendously rousing theme for the Duke in Goldsmith's lone John Wayne western, *Rio Lobo*. But for the most part Goldsmith defined his own terms, fashioning a distinctive theme for an ill-fated military train in *Breakheart Pass*, creating the chilly, lonely snowscapes of the folk-driven *Wild Rovers* or the spare, romantic feeling of Sam Peckinpah's *The Ballad of Cable Hogue*. The virtual disappearance of the genre left Goldsmith without one of his most reliable vehicles for strong melodic themes, although he contributed one of his better tunes to the western TV pilot *Hollister* in 1990. A few years later a scheduling conflict lost fans of the composer's work a tremendous opportunity when Goldsmith dropped out of scoring duties for *Tombstone*, a surprisingly good return to the genre from the usually moribund director George P. Cosmatos. There's no telling what Goldsmith might have done with *Tombstone*'s thunderous, masterfully edited





Asked about how he approached his rapturous finale THE FINAL CONFLICT, with its titanic mix of choir and brass for the Second Coming of Christ, Goldsmith once replied "I don't know; I just did it."



gunfights and chases (ultimately scored by Bruce Broughton), but a hint arrived a year later in 1994 when Goldsmith scored the inferior *Bad Girls*. The film about four prostitutes turned bank robbers was a joke without a punch line, but Goldsmith's rambunctious score was as fiery as some of his earlier western efforts.

Goldsmith was a master at processing exotic, ethnic sensibilities through his own musical personality, making him a natural for epics and globe-spanning stories like *The Spiral Road, The Sand Pebbles, The Chairman, Papillon, The Wind and the Lion* and *Islands in the Stream*. He could employ those same skills in war films like *Tora! Tora! Tora!* and *Inchon* or tackle character in a masterpiece like *Patton*, a score that journeys from the heights of military hubris to the ugly realities of war in the time between the beginning and end of its main title cue alone. He had a special talent for a delicate Americana sound that favored small ensembles for an almost folk/chamber approach, heard in projects like *Lilies of the Field, A Patch of Blue,* the TV movie *The Red Pony,* the horror film *The Other* and the Sissy Spacek drama *Raggedy Man*; he could leap instantly from the most fragile Americana tune to jarring dissonant strokes and lurching, devilish dances of evil, seamlessly crossing between heartfelt beauty and inspired ugliness in the space of a few notes.



Whatever he thought of his assignments (good or bad), Goldsmith almost always seemed to be scoring some perfect version of the film in his head—handily defeating the films' shortcomings.

In the first half of Goldsmith's career he was probably doing as many A-list pictures as any other composer working—films like *Freud, Lonely Are the Brave, A Patch of Blue, The Sand Pebbles, Planet of the Apes, Patton, Papillon, Chinatown* and *The Great Train Robbery* were the Oscar bait projects of their day and more often than not earned the composer Academy Award nominations. But the blockbuster mentality of the post-*Star Wars* era turned the A/B picture aesthetic on its head as prestige pictures began to pile up at the end of the year and boast lower budgets and more subdued production values, in many cases, than the sci-fi and action pictures that had once been the B films of the past. Goldsmith's track record in those genres was impeccable, and he became more and more in demand for sci-fi and action throughout the '80s and '90s. You could argue that Goldsmith sought these assignments out and that he lavished more effort and attention on his blockbuster scores than he did on the few "personal" pictures he was able to score. In fact, there was simply more that music could accomplish in the "bad" films than in the good, as the aesthetics of A films had less and less use for music. Goldsmith's A-list films of the '90s—*The Russia House, City Hall, Six Degrees of Separation* and *L.A. Confidential*—were mostly subdued, conceptual efforts. *The Russia House* may have established the current fetish for the duduk, while the urban landscapes of *City Hall* and *L.A. Confidential* seemed to be Goldsmith's dual salute to Leonard Bernstein's *On the Waterfront*. Goldsmith's tango approach to *Six Degrees of Separation* was so slight that the soundtrack album had to be padded out with dialogue from the film, but his timing of the score's final moments in the film is masterful.

Bad Films, Good Goldsmith

As for Goldsmith's "bad" films, even he once admitted that he couldn't tell whether a movie was good or bad by the time he looked at a final cut (he thought *Nemesis*, arguably the worst of the *Star Trek* films, was the best one yet). Whatever he thought of the messes he was handed, Goldsmith almost always seemed to be scoring some perfect version of the film in his head and thus created musical dramaturgies that handily defeated the films for which they were written. In doing so he created an indelible part of his legacy and probably a good deal of the fandom he felt so conflicted about. For the casual filmgoer, buying a movie soundtrack meant some kind of attempt to recreate the feeling or experience of viewing a film they admired. With Goldsmith projects like *Shamus, The Cassandra Crossing, High Velocity, Players, Caboblanco, The Salamander, Damnation Alley, The Swarm, The Final Conflict, Supergirl, Runaway, Baby, Leviathan, Congo, Deep Rising, The Haunting, Link, King Solomon's Mines, Lionheart, Rent-A-Cop, Not Without My Daughter, Sleeping With the Enemy, Medicine Man, Mom and Dad Save the World, Mr. Baseball, The Vanishing, Bad Girls, The Shadow, I.Q., Chain Reaction, U.S. Marshals* and *Along Came a Spider*, you certainly wouldn't want to relive the film experience—but most of Goldsmith's scores from these movies stood on their own as fascinating soundtrack albums. Goldsmith got annoyed at fans who collected his scores "like bottlecaps," but his work showed such amazing continuity and detail that they seemed to engage the listener in a kind of organic relationship. Collectors were driven to own as many Goldsmith albums as they could because they all seemed to form some kind of immense tapestry, and any one of them might be the Rosetta stone that allowed a fan to see the context for his other works.

If there was one genre Goldsmith didn't conquer (and in his career he must have written music for just about every type of film imaginable), it was probably comedy. He did them: *Take Her, She's Mine, S*P*Y*S, The Flim Flam Man, The Trouble With Angels, Mr. Baseball, Mom and Dad Save the World, I.Q.*…but his music's innate energy sometimes seemed to compete with onscreen humor, and one might have assumed he didn't have a particularly sharp personal sense of humor. But in fact Goldsmith could be quick-witted and funny in person. During a tribute to his work at the Museum of Radio and Television, Goldsmith—interviewed a few months before he premiered his specially commissioned *Fireworks* composition at the Hollywood Bowl—was asked how far along he was on that work. Goldsmith did a take worthy of Jack Benny and said "Gee…I mean, what's the rush?" He kept his concert performances enlivened with banter from the podium, although at the request of his wife he eventually eliminated a line about how working on *Basic Instinct* made him feel like "a gynecologist after a hard day at the office." Most of his best wisecracks were charmingly offhand: On his commentary to the *Hollow Man* DVD, Goldsmith noted the simplicity of a transitional cue that played over an aerial shot of the nation's capital by saying "It's Washington; what am I supposed to do, play 'Hail to the Chief?' "

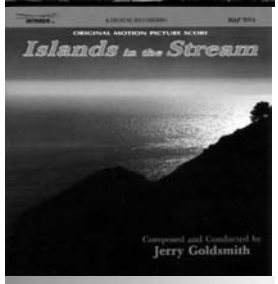
Goldsmith took some flack from critics and fans in later years for streamlining his style and de-emphasizing the expressive

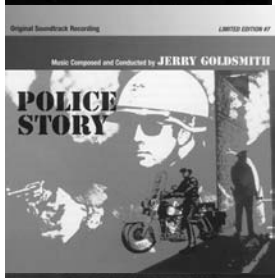
counterlines and dynamic effects that dominated his scores, but he was really adapting to a sonic environment in which there was less and less room for music to make a contribution. In fact, he was the only composer of his generation (beginning in the late 1950s) to remain viable and in demand well into the new millennium. Given the sheer number of notes Goldsmith must have written over the course of his career, the overall level of quality, sophistication and experimentation in his work stands as a truly remarkable achievement. The evolution of Goldsmith's style has been a topic both fascinating and controversial to fans, and it's a phenomenon almost unique to the composer. A careful listener stands a good chance of being able to guess the year any Goldsmith composition was written in: His music of the late '50s and early '60s features somewhat less developed melody and frequently bears resemblance to his *Twilight Zone* works in approach (although those could vary from the Bartók and Schoenberg–influenced "The Invaders" and "Nervous Man in a Four Dollar Room" to the delicately brittle Americana of "The Big Tall Wish" or "Dust"); the more elaborate action cues and showmanship that were to be a hallmark of his work began to make themselves heard toward the middle of the decade in scores like *Rio Conchos* and *The Satan Bug*. The modernistic, strident sound of his '60s work climaxed in spectacular scores like *The Blue Max*, *The Sand Pebbles* and *The Chairman*, while his experimental leanings found their heights of expression in *Planet of the Apes*, *The Mephisto Waltz* and *Logan's Run*. By the end of the '70s, Goldsmith was already beginning to lean in a more romantic direction, and you can hear the collision of his earlier modernistic sensibilities in scores like *Star Trek: The Motion Picture* and *Poltergeist*; Goldsmith was exploring a fuller orchestral palette in his scores of the early '80s (compare the leaner '70s sound of, say, 1978's *Capricorn One* score and its richer–sounding album rerecording). Where his scores of the '60s and '70s often featured dynamic, aggressive showpieces for their main title pieces (1981's *Inchon*, *The Salamander* and *Night Crossing* were some of Goldsmith's final statements in this vein), Goldsmith seemed to learn a lesson from the subdued approach of his *Poltergeist* score's opening and thereafter wrote reflective main titles even on projects like *Runaway*, *Psycho II*, *First Blood* and *The Challenge*, which might have received showier openings in earlier years.

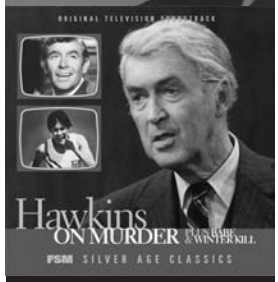












The Synth Years

The mid– to late–'80s marked a particular upheaval in Goldsmith's style. After years of experimenting with electronic recording techniques and synthesizers, Goldsmith pushed them to the forefront, writing his first all–electronic score (for Michael Crichton's *Runaway*) and favoring electronics in scores like *Link*, *Extreme Prejudice*, *Hoosiers* and *Rent-a-Cop*. For the first time, Goldsmith began to retreat from the growing complexity and thickness of his orchestral scores, making *Rent-A-Cop*, *The 'burbs* and *Leviathan* almost unrecognizable as the work of the man who'd written some of the most note–heavy scores of the past two decades. But also, he was facing the first time in which a Jerry Goldsmith score wasn't a slam dunk for every movie project he signed onto. His elaborate, romantic score for Ridley Scott's *Legend* became one of the highest–profile rejected scores in history and led to a permanent falling–out with the director. He withdrew from a collaboration with Oliver Stone on *Wall Street* and had scores replaced on *Alien Nation* and *The Public Eye*. Goldsmith was still very much in the game; his score for *Total Recall*—his first collaboration with director Paul Verhoeven—was a masterpiece of complex action writing and one that the composer was particularly proud of. But it was also a warning shot in the new wave of bone–crunching '90s action films in which music played second fiddle to sound effects. "Nobody really gave a damn," Goldsmith said when asked about his *Total Recall* score.

While other composers of his generation had succumbed to a kind of Hollywood exile by the 21st century, Goldsmith remained at the center of the industry.



The day in which elaborate action scores could receive Oscar nominations had seemingly passed, and Goldsmith swore off action movies in the aftermath of *Total Recall*, preferring to focus on personal pictures like *The Russia House*, *Not Without My Daughter*, *Sleeping With the Enemy*, *I.Q.*, *Powder*, *Fierce Creatures* and *Love Field*. His electronic–driven score to *Hoosiers* had earned an Oscar nomination and remained a personal favorite; the follow–up, *Rudy*, took his sentimental approach to sports films even further and became an inspirational movie–trailer staple. Goldsmith did return to action scores, continuing his predilection for scoring bad films (*The Shadow*, *Congo*, *Chain Reaction*) but also tackling films that stood up better under scrutiny (*Executive Decision*, *The Edge*).

Big projects still came Goldsmith's way—Paramount's period thriller *The Ghost and the Darkness*, the Harrison Ford adventure *Air Force One*, the *Star Trek* hit *First Contact*. And after several lean years, Goldsmith earned back–to–back Academy Award nominations for his tough, percussive score to *L.A. Confidential* and his energetic, sweeping work on the animated adventure *Mulan*. He had a huge summer blockbuster hit in Stephen Sommers' *The Mummy*, but Goldsmith reportedly disliked the film and refused to work on its sequel (robbing us of a Jerry Goldsmith *Van Helsing* score). Moviegoers were often treated to Goldsmith's music even when they were least aware of it: he wrote the now–familiar Universal and Carolco logo themes, he composed a propulsive piece of music for the trailer for *Judge Dredd* that became almost as familiar to action–movie trailers as James Horner's *Aliens*, and he wrote a fanfare

for the Academy Awards that is still played during the broadcasts.

Goldsmith reunited with Paul Verhoeven for the last time on *Hollow Man*. It was a failure as a film, but his muscular, foreboding score showed that he had found a collaborator in the dark-minded Verhoeven, who inspired him almost as much as his old friend Franklin Schaffner. His haunting choral title music for *The Sum of All Fears* proved that he could still find original and effective approaches to familiar genres. Richard Donner's *Timeline* proved the same: Before 1987's *Lionheart*, Goldsmith had never scored a medieval epic. After *Lionheart*, *The 13th Warrior* and *First Knight*, the composer seemed to have exhausted everything he had to say on the subject, and, with its interchangeable characters and underdeveloped time travel plot, *Timeline* didn't seem like the most inspirational vehicle for Goldsmith's talents. But he rose to the occasion, writing his last, great, rousing action score for the movie, igniting the film's action with the call of an electronic effect that was halfway between a serpent and a ram's horn. Unfortunately the drastic recutting of the film also made *Timeline* Goldsmith's last rejected film score.

On his last score, Goldsmith returned to work for director Joe Dante, with whom he'd first collaborated on 1983's *Twilight Zone—The Movie*. *Looney Tunes: Back in Action* was a slight, marketing-driven comedy, but Goldsmith used its visual energy to revisit his glory days of the '60s and '70s, writing a brightly humorous and busy score bursting with notes and full of in-jokes (only he could have conceived of colliding the *Looney Tunes* signature melody "The Merry-Go-Round Broke Down" with the stabbing string strokes of Herrmann's *Psycho*). His health had been failing for some time by 2003, but *Timeline* and *Looney Tunes* showed no signs of being written by anyone but a composer in top form. Goldsmith passed the baton to composer John Debney in the final stages of the *Looney Tunes* project, and Debney finished the film, after which Goldsmith privately retired.

While some were aware of Goldsmith's failing health, it's indicative of Jerry Goldsmith's continuing vitality and adaptability that fans were guessing at and anticipating his next projects right up until the moment of his death. There was a new David Anspaugh sports film, a Fred Schepisi television project, talk of another *Star Trek* film, all discussed under the assumption that Goldsmith would be writing the music. While other composers of his generation had largely succumbed to a kind of Hollywood exile, Goldsmith remained at the center of the industry. In some ways he was a victim of his own success—standards for a new Jerry Goldsmith score were always stratospheric, yet Goldsmith could usually be depended on to take unusual approaches to new projects that often frustrated fan expectations. Collectors were always looking forward to the next Goldsmith score, certain that this one would be THE one—the masterpiece that would define his career.

But in fact, Goldsmith really wrote one long masterpiece, and the few lulls in his output—the "lesser" scores that weren't appreciated at the time of their release—were just variations in a 47-year sine wave. Thankfully, there are still "new" Goldsmith works to discover, and hopefully we'll see this great composer appreciated, reinterpreted, re-recorded and explored just as other great masters of the past like Bernard Herrmann, Miklós Rózsa and Alex North have been. Goldsmith's music always seemed to have a life of its own; no matter how often he downplayed some of his scores—insisting they weren't "special" enough to warrant their own albums—virtually all of the music Goldsmith wrote for film and television stands as an individual work of art, something that engages and involves the listener long after the projects they were written for have been forgotten. In that sense, Jerry Goldsmith is still very much alive, and we can look forward to a rewarding relationship with the man and his music for a long time to come. **FSM**



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Goldsmith Without Tears

Memories of an Imaginary Conversation

By John S. Walsh

Even though literally hundreds of "stars" came and went while he continued working, Jerry Goldsmith was "below the line" talent, to use one of those accurate yet slightly cruel Hollywoodisms. When below-the-line talents die, their bios have a sameness, as if the obituary writers are cribbing off the departed's agent's website. We hear repeatedly about the film director's early beginnings in live TV, the Oscars won, the famous spouse.

The bios for Jerry Goldsmith always seemed to mention that he was a clerk/typist for CBS; that he won one Oscar, for *The Omen*; that he wrote the TV themes for *The Waltons* and *Star Trek: The Next Generation*; and that he had started in live TV and had written scores for over four decades. The sameness of these background pieces tells us less about the subject than about the writers. What it tells us is they don't care much about the death of someone who writes "background" music for bad movies. As is the case with all of the dead, what strangers perceive is very different from the truth.

When one discusses a director or writer, one can describe images or quote words, but how does one write about music without knowing the trade? Music is its own language and resists translation into words.

Harder still is how to describe how this music touches the lone fan, sitting in his or her home, putting on a record or CD of music intended to be heard in a theater with hundreds of strangers sharing a common experience, the music only one part of the whole. Every other form of music is a piece of work in itself—even ballet music and Broadway musicals are aimed at a listener. Yet many believe a film score fails if someone notices it. (I believe this is one of the most ridiculous and ignored concepts in all of film theory, but that is for another time.)

Yet music certainly does speak to us. Just as certainly, it speaks about the film music composer in a way a description of the artist or his life cannot. His is among the most compromised of the high arts, as he may have to score the projects offered to him and may not get the kinds of films he would prefer.

This results in a tension between the composer and the film to be scored. I'm not

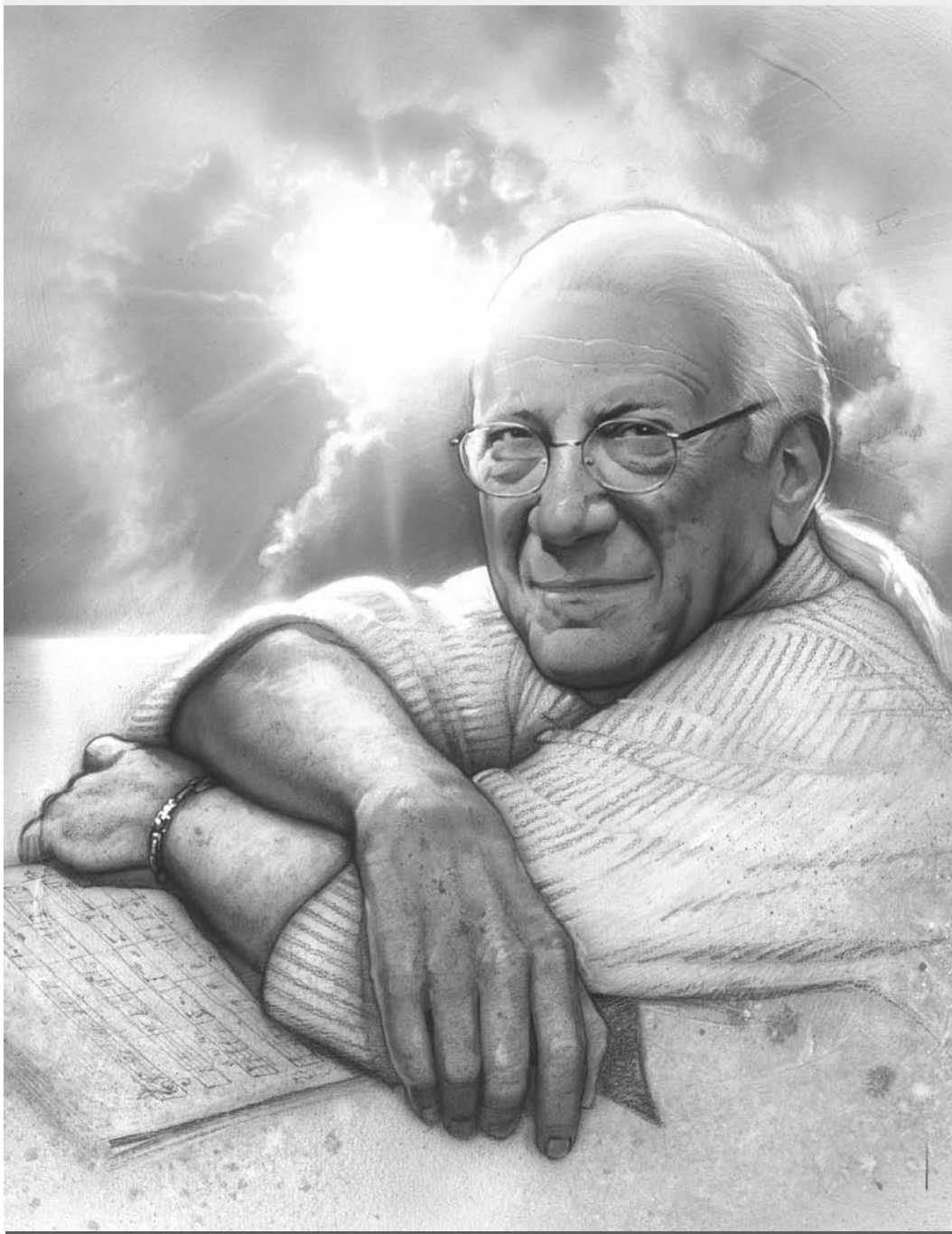


ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES GOODRIDGE

describing emotional tension but the auteur theory tension between the director and the screenplay—according to one aspect of the theory, the "art" in a film comes from the director dealing with the script. His like or disdain for the product may influence his approach and the results.

The orchestrator, copyist or ghostwriter are the equivalent of sculptor's assistants; they may do quite a bit of the cutting, but in the end the composer is the one who decides how to address the film, often with a lot of other people putting in their ideas. Whether the assignment is a joy or drudgery, all scoring is a conversation between the screenwriter, director, producer et al in one camp and, in the other, the lonely composer who comes in at the end and addresses what the others have wrought. The production team may have intended Shakespearean drama but come up with mere melodrama—how does the composer reconcile the finished product with the intentions behind the labor?

The answer is, he listens. Not to intentions, but to the final product. The finest film music artists are the ones who have the most-developed voice as well as the ability to listen.

The Road Less Traveled

Take the two scores for *Legend*. Jerry Goldsmith and the members of Tangerine Dream reacted very differently to the versions of the film they had to work with. I believe Tangerine Dream decided to try to mold the film so it would be seen as being something it was not, an adult fantasy film with surfaces that enchant but are not to be taken as true, as if the fairy tale world depicted was a sham that the characters had best become aware of if they wished to survive.

I believe that Goldsmith dove much deeper and revealed what made him perhaps the greatest American practitioner of composition for films. Think of it this way: The members of Tangerine Dream seem to have watched the film, then sat at their keyboards and said "Okay, THIS is what you are." Goldsmith seems to have watched the film and asked, "What ARE you?" Then he wrote a score that helped the film be what it tried to be.

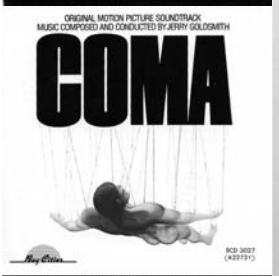
The resulting score contains some ill-chosen synth moments (did it occur to Goldsmith that some of the synth sounds he used in dramatic films were perilously close to those he used for comic effect in *S*P*Y*S* and *Gremlins*, for example?), and an almost embarrassing fireside dance that shows whimsy was not one of the composer's stronger suits. But the score is a rich embroidery of what is present in the material. One cannot make a classic film with a score alone, but a score can make a film the best it can possibly be.

Music composition, like writing, is part autobiography. Each artist tells you something of himself because he cannot help but put part of himself into the work. When you listen to the music of Jerry Goldsmith, what is he telling you? Is there more of the man in a piece of his music than in all the articles that began "Oscar-winning composer Jerry Goldsmith died in his sleep…"?

















First Words

My imaginary conversation with Goldsmith began the summer I bought my first soundtrack—to *Star Wars*. I loved it, it was thrilling, and I was not surprised that the composer was the same man who had scored those *Lost in Space* episodes that first introduced me to the thrills of music for film and television. After listening to it repeatedly, I decided to look for more such music.

Earlier in the summer I'd noticed the soundtrack album to *Logan's Run*. I held the album numerous times, wondering if I should spend that kind of money—$5.99. Being a child of *Creature Double Feature* and Harlan Ellison, I was very interested in the subject matter. Emboldened by the pleasures of *Star Wars*, I bought the *Logan's Run* album, and was immediately…confused. It had some interesting moments—well, there was one really good moment: "You're Renewed," which was more propulsive and violent than the action music in the *Star Wars* score. (The *Star Wars* music was nicely exciting; this was rough.)

I went back to listening to *Star Wars*, and then *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, though I occasionally listened to the Goldsmith score. I found the romantic selections syrupy and the electronic material just weird. But a friend who listened to punk music—a 7th-grader on the cutting edge—found the electronic selections funny yet interesting.

I didn't buy another Goldsmith until *Damien: The Omen II*, but that was it. It sounded like a different person wrote it, yet that drive was there—as well as the truly creepy scary moments.

Shortly thereafter, I was looking forward to the new film *Alien*, which my mother was on the verge of allowing me to go see with some adult friends. I was reading about the movie in *Starlog* and *Cinefantastique*, which I bought on adventurous trips into Boston and Cambridge. In the *Alien* print ad, I noticed that Jerry Goldsmith had written the music. (An odd credit, I thought—just "Music Jerry Goldsmith," no "by" or "composed by," just that appropriate combination of words.)

Finally, sitting in the Sack Charles theater—where the film played exclusively—I was entranced by that opening that Goldsmith later dismissed so casually when asked about it. I think now, how could he think so little of a communication that meant so much to me?

As I went through high school, my friends found my interest amusing and joked that they thought of me whenever they saw Goldsmith's credit. I began haunting record stores daily every time a new film of his came out (it says "album available on Polydor," so why isn't the record OUT yet?). I became a regular customer of Boston's record stores, new and used, picking up *Chinatown* at Nuggets, *The Boys From Brazil* at Strawberries, *Star Trek: The Motion Picture* at Good Vibrations, where I later worked.

I picked up *Outland* the same day I got *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, got *Inchon* through the mail (warped…just like the other two copies I bought—to this day I don't have it on CD or playable record); *Twilight Zone* was like getting four at once…*Legend* came through an album importer who made it his goal to get it for me because it was so obvious I wanted everything I could grab by Goldsmith…

The first opportunity I skipped was *The Lonely Guy*—Jerry, I thought, what are you doing scoring that kind of thing? Back to action, man! I picked it up used and did not think much of it. *Link* had annoying drums, but even that did not really bother me—he was trying new things, and that was what I liked about him.

At some point I wrote a fan letter. I never received a reply, but I figured he just never received it. Busy guy.

Film Score Monthly and *Soundtrack!* were the first real connections to the man himself, in interviews, reports and reviews. As the '80s became the '90s, I found more of those "experiments" that did not work for me, and as the '90s continued, I felt he was phoning it in. Subsequent listens often proved to me I just hadn't initially connected with what Goldsmith was saying at first. But there was a tough string there: *Mom and Dad Save the World* (1992), Mr. *Baseball* (1992), *Love Field* (1992)—not bad at all, but no *Total Recall*—*Forever Young* (1992), *Matinee* (1993)—which I grew to appreciate—*Dennis the Menace* (1993)—what was going on here? Why was Goldsmith scoring such crap? To be different? To stretch? Because there was nothing better?

Rudy (1993) was a partial return to form, not like the great, tough days—Goldsmith has always struck me as a most masculine composer who secretly was a romantic but could not square his soft inside with the places his talent took him.

The last decade was spotty. The lion who wrote *Rambo* and *Star Trek V: The Final Frontier* seemed to have mellowed. I am not entirely convinced that his later scores are not just different, but right now they feel thin. Certainly the ability was there, but the fire seemed missing. Maybe he was just tired of fighting the sound design and effects, which began to envelop films (and overwhelm the picture) during this era.

Undeniably Jerry

I've often said that every Goldsmith score surprised me, that each main title was far from what I'd guessed it would be considering Goldsmith's talent and the film's subject matter. The man could write something that revealed new elements after repeated listenings yet also supported the films on first viewing.

One subject that may have annoyed Goldsmith is the fan dialogue about his later scores lacking that peculiar serious power that was noticeably his. Be it age, personal matters or a lack of interest in the films available, it is undeniable that the Goldsmith of the late '90s and early 2000s is not as vibrant as the Goldsmith of the '60s through the late '80s. It's too easy to say "Hey, what a run!" (though that is true). One need only compare the complex and beautiful *Alien* to the not-bad-but-not-great *Leviathan* to the flat *Deep Rising* to see that his interest or passion faded—though never completely. Why should this particular artist be immune to the forces that affect every person?

What matters is not that Goldsmith lost power, or even that he continued to work long after he had to in order to attain his place in the history of film. Some believed he never attained any distinction—film critic John Simon called him a hack, and a recent book on great aural moments in film history never mentions Goldsmith at all. The average American does not know his name.

What matters is that even in those later, less-vivid works, one can detect the artist's voice and work backward through his catalogue and thus hear it in its full power. That the voice is quieter but still audible only proves its strength in the decades before.

Goldsmith's is a voice that touches a relatively small group of fans who have the tenacity of *Star Trek* groupies (many of whom are *Star Trek* groupies). To me, Goldsmith's music had a manic-depressive quality, and I can think of few composers who write such frantic action music yet so excel in frightening or sad scoring. Considering the dark energy that is Goldsmith's trademark, is there any wonder this music becomes important to many of his fans when they are teenagers? (It may seem odd that some of these young people find a connection with a man who just died at the age of 75, while their moshing friends are similarly united with musicians one-third his age.) Heavy metal, gothic rock, and horror and science fiction film scores are attractive to angst-plagued teenaged boys seeking some kind of feedback from art, some validation that these sometimes unspeakable passions have been felt by others. The violence and anger and misery depicted in these genres are reflections of the turmoil—real or heightened—boys feel when they are not part of the popular crowd, boys who find women intimidating and who retreat into horror fiction and violent films. Boys hear this exciting music on episodes of science fiction television shows and in horror movies, those most easily accessible of forbidden fruits.

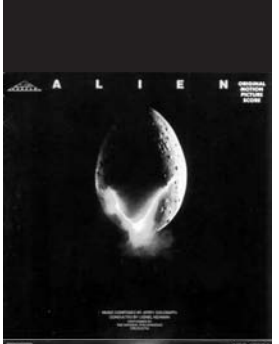
Jerry and Johnny

John Williams is frequently the first escort into the world of film music, though some find themselves drawn to the darker, edgier material. *Star Wars* and *Jaws* are beautiful and exciting works, but they are also inherently palatable.

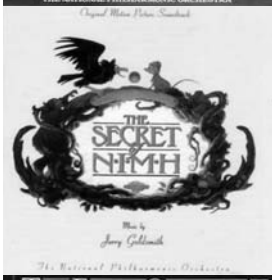
Star Trek: The Motion Picture and *Alien* are also beautiful and exciting works, but they are challenging in ways the other two are not. The Goldsmith scores aren't just orchestral and attractive; they include moments of awe-inducing power and terror—not the "fun horror" of Jaws' shark theme, but the disturbing music for V'ger and the alien planet, which arouse sensations of both fear and wonderment at once. Those cues don't just address the scenes for which they were written; they inspire thoughts about the terror and sheer scale of the universe and man's place in it—feeling powerless being something known to young outcasts. Williams writes for a room-temperature universe, Goldsmith for the ice-cold of space and the heat of pumping blood.

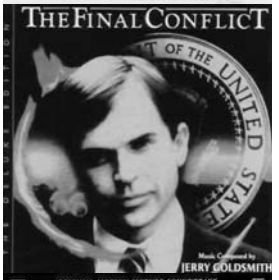
Reading interviews and listening to some of his more romantic scores, you have to grapple with the composer's desire but ultimate inability to write the mainstream ear candy other great film composers like Williams and Mancini were capable of. In the interest of expanding his palette, Goldsmith could attempt to work against what he seemed temperamentally meant to do. But he never had a *Star Wars* or "Pink Panther Theme." Fans knew what he was best at—how many of them bought *Angie* in comparison to the number of vinyl copies of *Star Trek: The Motion Picture* they've worn out?

Though it's the mark of a composer who has arrived in the public consciousness in a big way, the "big theme" was not for him. When one listens















to Williams, the contemporary with whom he is most contrasted, one hears the exuberance and fun. I think Goldsmith equals Williams in energy, but, generally speaking, can anyone say his music is "fun?" He has been given the second-place prize by many because of Williams' ability to write music that touches and also pleases. In this musical field, sentimentality always wins.

I think it's like comparing Edgar Rice Burroughs with William Burroughs. Williams writes music for pretending to be flying through space in impossible machines, rescuing the damsel. Goldsmith's music is made of tougher stuff. *Star Wars* is the romantic, happy vision of space, complete with bloodless mass-murder when a space station explodes; *Star Trek: TMP* is the extremely flawed and doomed attempt, as with *Legend*, to make something for adult audiences out of something essentially childish. Williams wrote one of the most perfect film scores, its genius in his recognition of it being an updating of *Captain Blood*, not *2001*. Goldsmith, on the other hand, had something that attempted to follow in the path of *2001* and *The Andromeda Strain* (or *The Day the Earth Stood Still*), and the film failed in that attempt.

Yet, Goldsmith did precisely the opposite of what Williams did—he did not look back and try to update something old, he looked forward and scored the imperfect vision of tomorrow by writing a different kind of space theme, a march not of military power but of scientific discovery. Where Williams' aliens are given themes out of Russian orchestral tradition, emphasizing the "gee whiz!" fun, Goldsmith uses electronic colors and foreboding sounds to augment the awesome yet also frightening mystery of V'ger. Where Williams makes the alien familiar, Goldsmith tries to make the alien alien.

Goldsmith may have wanted to write his "Lara's Theme," but he already had. It was called "Clever Girl." His talent was not to write light tunes that audiences embrace, tunes that elevate one's own feelings to the level of what might be depicted in film. Was he aware of this? Maybe. He could write lovely themes, such as those for *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* or *The Red Pony*. But they never caught on the way the Jarre and Mancini tunes did—and not just with the public, for he never met his Spielberg, or even his Shyamalan.

Every film composer would love to write a "My Heart Will Go On" because, well, who doesn't want to be loved by the masses? It isn't about money, at least not in the writing stage, because who can know if such a song will sell? It's about communication. A lot of people buying your song means you have communicated something to them and they have responded: "Yes! I feel the same way! I understand what you're saying!" A hit tune is something any musician wants because it means one's art has broken through to public acceptance.

Great Music and the Bad Films That Love Them

It's safe to assume that in most cases it's easier to write a good score for a good film than it is to write one for a flop. But it must be taken on a case-by-case basis: A bad movie may need so much help that it opens up a great opportunity for the composer to create subtext that is not present otherwise. Roughly 80% of the films Goldsmith scored were junk, in my estimation, and as much as 50% of those were utter garbage. Yet he was able to watch these cinematic failures and detect something, a fragment of what was intended emerging. Maybe his method-acting style of choosing films without reading the script was what doomed him, but it was his way. I can almost imagine him sitting in a theater watching *Damnation Alley* and listening to it, ideas coming to him, addressing the needs of the action as well as the atmosphere, even as a part of him had to face that gnawing, depressing reality that he was about to embark on another three months of labor at the service of yet another cinematic abomination. He may have wished he was watching a serious drama, but he wasn't; this was the hand he was dealt, and he played it. The results were bold, strange and exciting.

But what kind of anger or resentment must build when one has busted his hump writing great music for a movie that includes a character being eaten by cockroaches? Consider these gems: *The Lonely Guy* (1984); *Runaway* (1984); *Link* (1986); *Not Without My Daughter* (1991); *Mom and Dad Save the World* (1992); *Mr. Baseball* (1992); *Dennis the Menace* (1993); *Angie* (1994); *I.Q.* (1994); *Deep Rising* (1998).

Those scores stand out for what seems like a lack of interest. With only brief exceptions, they are among those that show Goldsmith could not always find the heart of a weak film. How to give CPR to a thing with no insides? No artist is always at his or her best, but *The Lonely Guy* and *Supergirl* were startling in their forcedness. But they are valuable listens—the bump in the road that makes you realize the road was pretty damned smooth up to that point.

Goldsmith could get prickly when criticized, but is that any surprise? When one works in film, that most public of art forms, and never gets to make that public connection, except from a handful of reviewers and fans on message boards, how could one not be annoyed? When Tom Cruise is criticized, it is one voice against millions, a drop of rain in the desert; when a reviewer in the film music press gives a bad review, it might be one-third of all the critical response the composer reads.

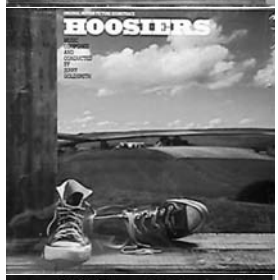
The occasional weak score merely shows the greatness of the unnoticed works that came earlier. For every *Mr. Baseball* there was an *Extreme Prejudice*, a *Magic*, a *Rio Conchos*. And whatever the creator's reaction to negative feedback, the good works stand. Unnoticed, but they stand.

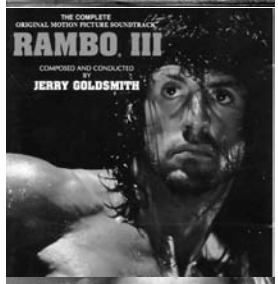
Long Live Jerry

We didn't know Jerry Goldsmith. The signature, the acceptance of compliments, the signed photos or letters through the mail, the interview, are all just peeks into the life outside of the art. Only in the reports from his burial did we learn specifics: he had a lifelong friend—a television actor whose face you might know—who spoke to him each night, he shot quail, he was a loving husband and father. Much like this could be ascribed to a million men.

(continued on page 47)

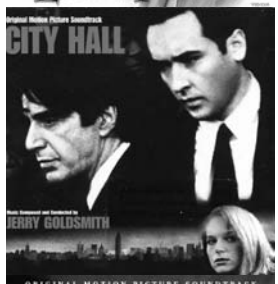














GOLDEN AGE CLASSICS • FSMCD VOL. 7, NO. 13 • RELEASED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH TURNER CLASSIC MOVIES MUSIC

Composed by **Alex North**

Conducted by **Johnny Green**

Songs Performed by **Susan Hayward,** Arranged & Conducted by **Charles Henderson • M-G-M Studio Orchestra and Chorus**

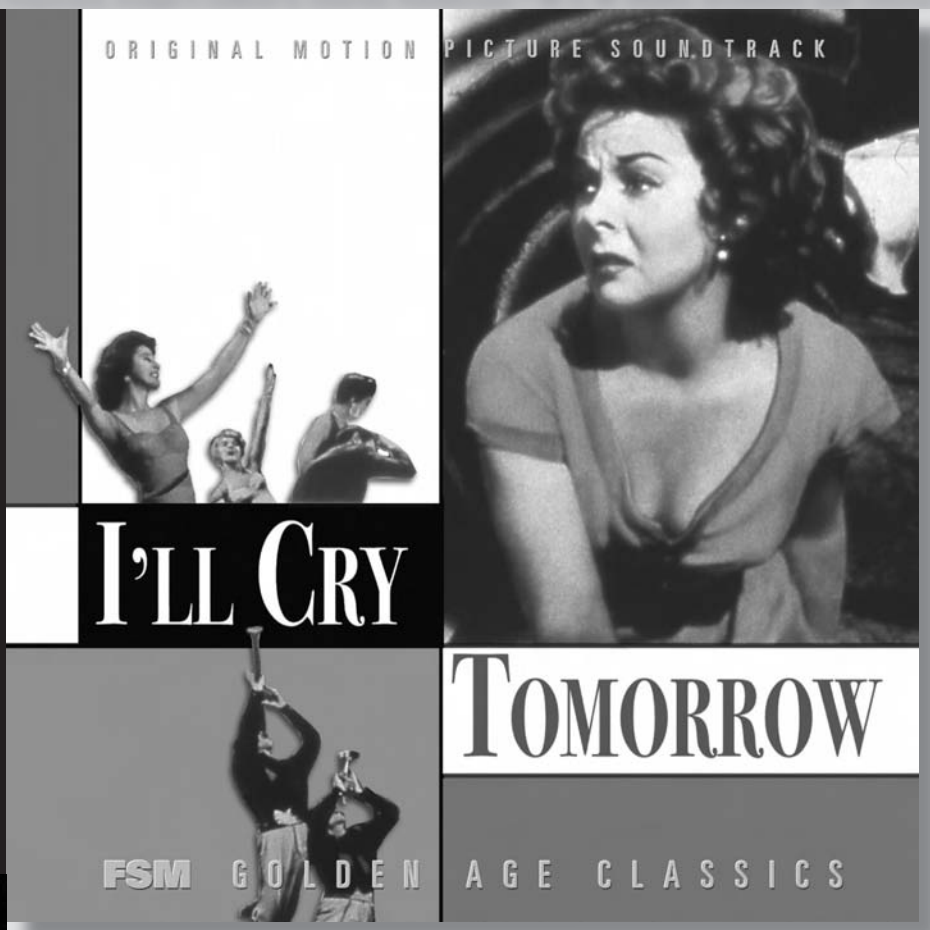
***I'LL CRY TOMORROW* (1955) WAS A FIRST-RATE** "biopic" telling the story of Lillian Roth, the one-time "Broadway's youngest star" whose singing career was crushed under the weight of her alcoholism and failed relationships. By the '50s Roth had rehabilitated her reputation, and *I'll Cry Tomorrow* (based on her autobiography) received popular and critical acclaim in its powerful telling of her story, thanks to the careful direction of Daniel Mann and Oscar-nominated performance by Susan Hayward.

SCORING THE FILM WAS THE COMPOSER WHOSE use of jazz in *A Streetcar Named Desire* (1951) had transformed film music forever: Alex North. *I'll Cry Tomorrow* was one of North's earlier assignments but his dramatic style was that of a seasoned master, favoring chamber-like strings and woodwinds for an intimate, melancholy effect. North's colors at first evoke Lillian's lost childhood, then become "boozy" tones for her years of alcoholism. Jazzy brass and heartfelt strings (in the *Streetcar* style) perform a memorable main theme to sum up the story as a whole.



I'LL CRY TOMORROW IS NOT A MUSICAL, BUT DOES feature three musical numbers performed by Hayward (as Roth) in the film: "Sing You Sinners," "When the Red, Red Robin Comes Bob, Bob, Bobbin' Along" and "Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe." The songs have been remixed in stereo from the original film elements and are presented in sequence with North's score, which is also in stereo.

ADDITIONAL SONGS, ALBUM VERSIONS AND instrumental source cues have been placed in a bonus section, to render this the definitive *I'll Cry Tomorrow* album. Liner notes are by Lukas Kendall. $19.95 plus shipping



1.	**Main Title**	2:06
2.	**Don't Cry/Bye L'Ums**	2:00
3.	**Sing You Sinners***	3:54
4.	**David/How Soon/Help**	3:25
5.	**When the Red, Red Robin Comes Bob, Bob, Bobbin' Along***	1:50
6.	**Trance/Mama's Plea**	3:52
7.	**Confused/Pour Me**	4:37
8.	**Transition/Also/Tony**	2:24
9.	**Stood Up/Shattered/Tortured**	5:21
10.	**Happiness Is a Thing Called Joe***	2:18
11.	**Ashamed**	2:51
12.	**String Chord/Real Heel**	2:48
13.	**Down Girl/Ashamed**	2:46
14.	**Home Sweet Home/ This Is It/Hold It**	3:12
15.	**Light**	1:41
16.	**Fight to Live/Serenity**	2:47
17.	**Burt/End Title**	2:25
	Total Time:	50:57

BONUS SCORE AND SONGS

18.	**Ashamed/Home Sweet Home** (original version)	3:56
19.	**AA Medley***	3:44
20.	**End Title** (original version)	1:02
21.	**I'll Cry Tomorrow** (single version)**	2:40
22.	**The Vagabond King Waltz/ I'm Sitting on Top of the World***	1:58
	Total Time:	13:35

**Vocal by Susan Hayward, Johnny Green at the piano with his quartette

SOURCE MUSIC AND ALTERNATE VOCALS

23.	**Starlight Romance/Presently**	1:58
24.	**Waltz Huguette/ Bar Mitzvah Rhumba**	1:34
25.	**Source Music Medley**	3:36
26.	**When the Red, Red Robin Comes Bob, Bob, Bobbin' Along** (Sandy Ellis)	1:49
27.	**Happiness Is a Thing Called Joe** (Sandy Ellis)	2:15
	Total Time:	11:20
	Total Disc Time:	75:53

Album produced by **Lukas Kendall**

Don't miss this month's Silver Age Classic ***The Man From U.N.C.L.E. Volume 3*** by **Jerry Goldsmith, et al.**

ISLANDS IN THE STREAM



Tributes from Friends, Peers and Colleagues

Collected by Jeff Bond and Joe Sikoryak

"We were in London in the same building about 25 years ago, and it was interesting because I just knew Jerry, but we had the time to spend together because we were living on the same floor in the same building for about two months. We were both very busy, but at the time we could communicate and be a little bit closer than we would have been if we had been living in Hollywood where you only see people at a premiere or something. He was very, very talented and extremely knowledgeable. The problem in Hollywood, especially in the last 10 years with this fashion of computer composition, [is finding] the real composers who really have a great education in music—not just because they have one single hit, but people like John Williams and Jerry Goldsmith and others. They are real musicians who have studied at good conservatories of music, and I think that is more and more rare." **—MAURICE JARRE**

"The kind of movies I did had a weird tone, kind of mordant comedy, and there weren't a lot of scores that had that feel. If you knew Jerry, it's not unlike his personality; Jerry had a sort of a dark humor to him, and he got these movies, where a lot of studio executives didn't get them. He always knew exactly what I was going for and knew how to enhance it and even bring it out musically where I had failed. That was the gag we always had on the set: 'Jerry will save it.' And I realized probably a lot of directors had said that.

"All composers repeat themselves in some ways, and there are leitmotifs and phrases you hear. But with Jerry there was a lot less of that. The fun of working with Jerry was you just never really knew what rabbit he was going to pull out of [his] hat. He really seemed to regard every assignment as something



completely different and special. And I even asked him one time: 'What happens when you've signed on to do the movie and you've read the script and you go to see the rough cut and it's not working and it looks like it's not going to be a very good movie?' And he said, "Well, then I have to work twice as hard to make it work.' I just felt, wouldn't there be a tendency to stint on something that was probably going to be a flop anyway? But he never copped to that.

"We put him in *Gremlins* (*above*), and he looked at the camera, but we still gave him a part in *Gremlins 2* (*below*). He's listed in the IMDB credits as 'Man in phone booth who looks at camera.' It was several hairstyles ago for Jerry."

On *Looney Tunes*

"I knew that he had been ill for a while, but I didn't know how bad it was until the first scoring session, when he told me, to let me know that there were times when he wouldn't be able to finish the day—and indeed there were times when he was not able to finish the day. I think his work on the film was no less than courageous considering what he was going through, because as he pointed out to me, this is a really hard score to do because



so much of the music was mathematically hitting stuff, and it's all done with numbers. [He'd be] splitting these notes and trying to make sure that he can get back on time, and the picture kept changing, and there were whole chunks of the movie that were out for months and then suddenly put back, and pieces he had done were now gone, and it was really hard for him.

"He was a very intuitive artist, and he wasn't comfortable discussing his music or really anybody else's. He reminded me of Ray Harryhausen in that way; he didn't like to discuss how the magic was done—he felt that that really ruined it. I don't know whether Jerry didn't want to give away any secrets or whether he didn't think about music with that side of his brain. Like a lot of artists, he really expressed himself with his work.

"He was one of the last of the big guns. He was only 75, and to think about the years of music we aren't going to hear that he had in him…In his last days he was so frustrated because he couldn't write. He was going to do a picture for David Anspaugh, and he just couldn't concentrate."

—JOE DANTE

"My sense about Jerry was that he had his own drummer. He had his own way of looking at films that was so intuitive that you never knew what kind of approach he was going to take. He could take any approach he wanted, but it was certainly never formulaic to me. He had a very unique way of getting to the core of what the film was all about. He had this intuitive sense, difficult to verbalize because it was really his intuition about what he wanted to do. Take the score to *Planet of the Apes*; it's so remarkable, some of the things he came up with in that score, that it would be difficult to talk about it. It's atonal, but it's not; I never heard anybody

Images from *Gremlins* and *Gremlins 2: The New Batch* ©1984, 1990 Warner Bros., All Rights Reserved.



come up with the effects that he did. He came up with these really creative sounds, especially because [it was] before computers came in and he had to do it all acoustically. He was messing around with tape reverb on *Patton*—he was very much ahead of his time."

—PATRICK WILLIAMS

"We shared the same agent, and Jerry was very complimentary about my scores. He was very flattering, and I was surprised, quite frankly. I was delightfully flattered by that. He used to swear a lot, and there was this story of this woman harpist, this very elegant harpist who was very proper, and she told this story of him telling her, 'I want you to play the fucking notes this way'—and she shot back, 'Okay, Jerry, I'll play the fucking notes this way'! This very elegant harpist—it gave him the shock of his life." **—JOHN BARRY**

"He remained constantly viable, and every so often he would reinvent himself. He is the model of a long career, ignoring trends and never going out of style. If you look at his career, instead of following what seems to be a current trend, he has peaks and dips. I think that's essential to an artist—otherwise you're just chasing. He never chased. His talent was so strong that the world kept coming back to him. He was such a model of persistence, adaptation, personal vision and reinvention; the absolute model for a long-careered composer. He was never as famous as John Williams, but his artistry and voice were always there, and he managed to keep himself viable throughout many generations."

—DANNY ELFMAN

"He was really such a chameleon that he was sort of film composer as character actor. To me, Jerry Goldsmith much more fit in with the acting style of John Cassavetes or Marlon Brando or Sal Mineo—and the way new actors got excited by what they saw in those performers, composers got excited by what they saw in Jerry. He wrote music you had to keep listening to—and it wasn't available, so you would invent the means to get it. That's unique. After he died, people started telling me, 'Oh, Jerry wrote my favorite score'—and I never know what they're about to say. It's almost never the same title. That there could be 40 different answers to that question is unique to Jerry.



"The affection for Jerry's music is not often mistaken for affection for the movie. Because frequently it's converse; you remember something fondly, but it's the movie, and the music becomes acceptable because of it. I don't know what would have happened if Jerry had scored great movies all his life—because another thing that's appealing about Jerry is we all feel like we've been through the wringer with him. There's this underdog aspect to him—we all collectively saw *Damnation Alley* and talked about it, and *Damnation Alley* does not exist for any memory other than the unobtainable Jerry Goldsmith score. It's like we have to suffer along with him. There's always been a bit of us championing him—and that wanting to prove himself, that chip on his shoulder, made his music great.

Father Figure

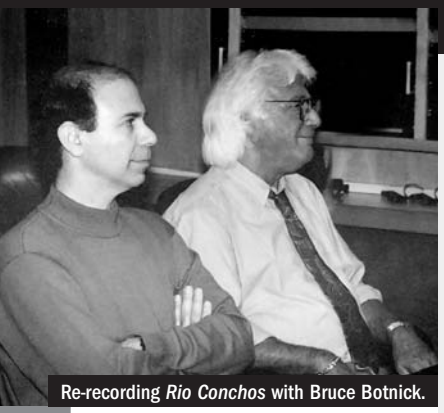
"The relationship most people have with him is the father you *want* to connect to; it's no surprise his favorite score is *Islands in the Stream*. The public version of Jerry Goldsmith wasn't this warm guy; he was the very complex father we'd never get to know or understand, and we keep reaching out to get it and never quite get it. And he leaves us clues—you start thinking, 'Maybe he meant this when he was writing *Breakheart Pass*,' because he never tells you what he meant.

"It's always been him and John Williams, and John Williams is the smooth younger brother who everything works for. He's the homecoming king, he got the greatest jobs, everything goes perfect—and Jerry's the slightly older brother who had to rough it.

"Of movies you would ever talk about in high esteem—[ones] that are not genre movies—he's probably touched less than a half a dozen. Another factor that makes his fans about him is he is a genre guy in the very genre people like us care about. If you start as the guy who wrote the cool music to *The Twilight Zone*, and your career is completely filled with landmarks like *Planet of the Apes* and *Poltergeist* and *Star Trek*, what more could fans want? And because fans of science fiction and horror films will remember vividly *The Reincarnation of Peter Proud*, but fans of dramas in general have no recollection of what other dramas came out the same year *Peter Proud* came out—unless they were nominated for an Oscar—his stuff lives on in a weird way. There's no respect for those movies in the outside world, but we all have opinions about *Logan's Run* that we've talked about. So he's in a very strange niche. He was also a substantially better composer than everybody else. Every composer refers to him as the best composer, so there's this other aspect of he's The One, the one burdened with being the best there's ever been.



"He scored a lot of movies when he was ill. One of the things that was beyond a blessing was that he worked with such mensches when he was sick. He didn't know Phil Alden Robinson [*The Sum of All Fears*], and he told him he was ill—and Phil became one of his best friends, and it was like he didn't even care about the movie. He said, 'We'll work around you; if you've got chemo, we'll work around it.' And also it was a blessing that that movie went on for a longer post-production period than planned, because it allowed him to work during periods of Jerry getting sick and then getting better. Working with Richard Donner on *Timeline* was also a blessing because, again, it was a friend working with him, and the movie was so secondary. He was so not upset when the score didn't wind up in the movie—I've seen him upset about smaller things than that, but he was just happy to be working with Donner after all these years and working with another guy who was around his age and who cared about him as a person. There was the *Star Trek* movie with Stuart Baird, another old friend. And then the fourth was Joe Dante—and for


Re-recording *Rio Conchos* with Bruce Botnick.

his last movie, for him to really be sick and to be in the hands of someone who loved him so much…So he had four movies with four friends who loved him and made the process good for him—because if Jerry couldn't work those last years when he was sick, he would have been so unhappy.

"The two movies he was supposed to do were David Anspaugh's movie [*The Game of Their Lives*] and one with Fred Schepisi [*Empire Falls*], and again they were going to make the process easy for him. Fred Schepisi even said, 'Why don't you just write a theme, and we'll work around that?' And when Jerry finally said he wasn't feeling well enough to even do that, it was heartbreaking because Jerry loved working and it was such a good distraction for him when he was sick.

Simply Jerry

"Another interesting thing was, when I first met Jerry, I thought he was really gruff—and when I got to know him, I thought he was sort of gruff. He was very quick to point out something that bothered him. When he got sick, he completely switched gears; the thing that he could have complained about and so deserved to complain about—being ill and being fearful of dying—he [did] the exact opposite. I'd try to get it out of him, 'How are you feeling today?' He'd say, 'Not the best day, but I'll feel better tomorrow.' This was the same guy who would complain to me about parking spaces.

"Consistently, when we would have our lunches and commiserate about how horrible film music is, the concession he would make was always Tom Newman—he would always say, 'But Tom's really good.' And occasionally he would say he'd just heard a good score. The last one he liked was *Girl With a Pearl Earring*; he thought that was really good. I called the composer [Alexandre Desplat] and told him that, and he was just floored. And one day he said, 'I finally heard a James Horner score I liked,' and it was *House of Sand and Fog*. The strangest one was John Barry, where he said, 'He understands how to write a tune for a movie.' That was something Jerry really strived for, and it was hard for him, because he was so brilliant, to just go for simplicity."

—RICHARD KRAFT
(Jerry's agent)

"I help out with a

composer's lab up at Sundance most years, and as part of that I always do a show-and-tell, and I always take Jerry Goldsmith stuff with me because his ability to divine the essence of a film with an insightful device is just uncanny. I always show the beginning of *Patton*, because the overlaying of sound, the use of tape echo of the trumpets and bringing in the harmonium the way he does, it's beyond composition. What he was able to do was just get inside the film and bring out the film. Another film I always cite is *Magic*, the Anthony Hopkins film where he uses these harmonicas to just *be* the ventriloquist's dummy. He was able to do that with just about every film that he scored. If you look down his IMDB list, the number of scores that were rejected or withdrawn is a surprising number, and I think the reason for that is he would always push to do something interesting artistically. Sometimes that meant he was going to rub up against somebody else's sensibility, but that's the mark of a true artist. There's a famous Picasso line: 'The enemy of good art is good taste.' What Jerry Goldsmith was able to do was to make interesting and insightful musical statements in sometimes the most banal of contexts. He really set the bar incredibly high for everyone."

—ED SHEARMUR

Jerry was one of a

kind. I've known him since his early days at CBS as I was in the mail department and he copied scripts to send to New York. There were no Xerox machines in those days and Jerry had to mimeograph them; I had to wait until he got them finished so I could send them to New York. Years later when I was at the scoring of *The Swarm* we talked and joked about those days. Jerry didn't compose any music to the train wreck, as he thought it would be buried. At the last minute Irwin Allen decided he wanted music in the scene—so Jerry and Arthur Morton had to write some music on the lunch hour! I will miss him always.

—BOB BURNS
(fan and collector)

"The catalog of work

he did was enormous—and it's not just film but television as well. And of course they're very well-known pieces. I just wondered when he had time to do it all; this was in the days when composers did things by themselves, this was not in the days of assembly-line film scores. The man was a very busy guy!

"I was thinking about him and Elmer: Not only did they define at a certain period the language of film music, which for sure they did, but also I think the stature of the composer was raised by their work. They brought an artistic quality to the work, to the point that they became real artists working in the field of film.

"The role of the composer became more respected and more honored through the work of these people. These were not Tin Pan Alley guys who were poking out tunes with one finger; men like these were handling the materials of music and orchestration in a very sophisticated way. Jerry was a man who brought a lot of craft to the work, and he brought a level of curiosity [to every project]. If you write film scores today, you have to be as serious about that as you are about a symphony—it will be judged by a very high standard."

—PHILIP GLASS



The Goldsmith Tribute dinner in 1993.

I've never met anyone

in this field—be it lifetime composer or casual listener—that didn't have Jerry Goldsmith high on a list of favorites. Usually he got the top spot, too. And he earned it.

My association with him mostly came between 1986 and 1997. It began with *Poltergeist II*, when few independent labels were paying AFM reuse fees—then still 100%. He was thrilled that Intrada stepped up to the plate after everyone else turned *Poltergeist II* down. He immediately asked us to produce a new recording of his then-personal-favorite score, *Islands in the Stream*. That invitation came with a personal phone call from him to me. How could I pass on an offer like that?

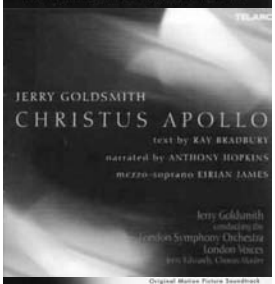
We produced *Extreme Prejudice* and also pursued things like *The Wind and the Lion* and *Night Crossing*. It was on the Disney title that we first really worked side

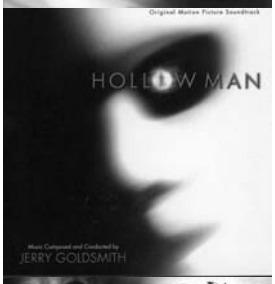
Photos on this spread by Ron Smith and George Champagne, courtesy of Intrada.

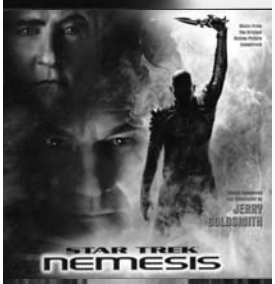














by side, from mixing through final editing. I looked over his scores while he hummed little things that he liked, and watched him "conducting" various cues while Len Engel edited the masters. Our longest spell together came during the *Rio Conchos* sessions, his debut re-recording with the London Symphony Orchestra. Over the course of several meals together we spent time talking about—big surprise—his music. He had an incredible memory. People say he never wanted to look back and talk about his old work. But he did. He didn't want to re-write them when filmmakers asked him to, but he could talk about them. Down to the smallest detail.

He told me why he chose lujons over whipsnaps for one particular score. He seemed to like being "tested." Why did he leave violins out of *Tora! Tora! Tora!* and *100 Rifles* and rely on violas instead? Did tubas sound better underneath French horn parts or under trombone parts? Stuff like that. Because I understood composition, we had pretty detailed chats.

For the Fans

We also sat together on a panel for the first Goldsmith Society convention. I think it was the first time he'd had so many fans around him. Once, when a row of autograph seekers got loud, he just leaned forward and said, "Good Lord, it's just a squiggly line." I think he really was humble. Maybe a little jaded, too. When the Film Music Society gave him their special award in 1993, it was Jerry's idea to assemble a "gift" for dinner attendees. He wanted a CD to cover four scores from his older catalog and was instrumental in getting Fox and Disney to participate. I mixed and edited, and he just sort of gave a thumbs up or down on various cues. *Baby* got the most thumbs up.

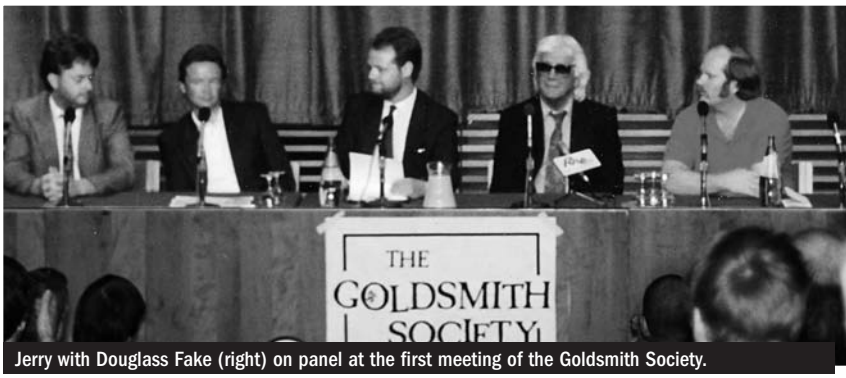
One of my favorite projects was a premiere CD to *First Blood*. He was only casually interested and left most of the project in my hands. On *Inchon* he asked to be left out because he had such bad memories of how he and Arthur (Morton) were treated. He said he disliked everything about it except that it used the character of General MacArthur—and he liked taking another crack at a "MacArthur" march.

His enthusiasm leaned toward whatever was current at that time. We did *Rent-a-Cop* two days after mastering *Night Crossing*, and he was far more excited about assembling the former than the latter. He was pretty interested in doing *Rambo III* because he was frustrated with the song album. Jerry talked about having to re-perform certain piano parts himself back in London after the sessions in Budapest were done and asked if I thought they were too loud. (I said no.) He was probably most enthused when we premiered "The Hunt" from *Planet of the Apes*. He also got a kick out of hearing different mixes.

Somewhere during this period we also worked together on *Warlock* and *Not Without My Daughter*. He actually let me assemble some 50 minutes for *Warlock* in spite of his preference for leaner albums. Late in production he just said, "Stick on the last cue and let's end it. No one's going to play it all the way through anyway."

Jerry had loyalties. Richard Kraft was a fabulous agent for him and a person of whom Jerry spoke very highly. They were looking for one label to pull together as many rights as possible and get the stuff out under a single banner, so to speak. We were just too small to make it happen. Bob Townson had things really cooking at Varèse by then and was a natural choice. He brought some firepower to the project and got Jerry's stuff to a bigger audience. Soon most of Jerry's current work was coming out under Varèse's label. Jerry used to say, "*Rambo* built my house." Maybe. But Bob Townson built him a "home."

Later on, when we did *QB VII* and *A Patch of Blue*, Jerry was just giving his okays by phone. He was pretty excited about his Alex North recordings with Bob at this point and about doing pictures like *Rudy* and *First Knight*. But nurturing old reissues was old-hat by then. He still phoned our shop to ask about sales of his albums and people's reactions to them, so we stayed in touch. He always cared about his music and how people reacted to it.



Jerry with Douglass Fake (right) on panel at the first meeting of the Goldsmith Society.

Passing the Torch

Intrada started getting interested in Bruce Broughton's music and began to devote what little resources we had to getting his music out. On a dinner break while re-recording *Rio Conchos* I asked Jerry who he felt was the best of the new breed. He answered without skipping a beat: Broughton. Years later he suggested Bruce score *Tombstone* when his own schedule didn't permit it. In fact, the Cinergi theme was written by Jerry and conducted by Bruce during the *Tombstone* sessions. There's some "synergy" there. I first met Bruce Broughton during Jerry's recording sessions for *Star Trek V* in 1989. I guess they call this destiny or something.

Jerry left us, yes. But he also left us music. The best there ever was, the best there ever will be.

—DOUGLASS FAKE

Thanks also to Bob Burns and The Roger Nash Collection for supplying artwork in this issue.



Good as Goldsmith

The Goldsmith Method as Revealed in Four 1960s Masterpieces

By John Takis

It must have been something to watch Jerry Goldsmith's rising star during the 1960s. From his work in television, "Jerrald" Goldsmith had arrived on the motion picture scene in the late '50s, scoring *Black Patch* (1957), *Face of a Fugitive* (1959) and the impressive *City of Fear* (1959). He lost no time establishing himself as one of the most diverse and talented composers in Hollywood, working on more than 40 feature films over the next 10 years, in addition to numerous television projects, and netting four Oscar nominations (five, if you include 1970's *Patton*). Goldsmith's early '60s scores—which include *Studs Lonigan* (1960), *Lonely Are the Brave* (1962), the Oscar-nominated *Freud* (1962), *The List of Adrian Messenger* (1963) and *Lilies of the Field* (1963)—are all notable: impeccably crafted, boundlessly diverse, even groundbreaking. In short, they announced the arrival of a major talent on the world cinema stage. This article is an attempt to grasp the nature of that talent, as exemplified by a few highlights from this remarkable period.

A Patch of Blue

Perhaps Jerry Goldsmith's earliest bona fide film music masterpiece is his score for 1965's critically and publicly acclaimed sleeper hit, *A Patch of Blue*. Based on the popular novel *Be Ready With Bells and Drums*, by Elizabeth Kata, it remains among the finest films Goldsmith ever worked on, and his superb score reflects this distinction. Goldsmith was brought onto the project by developer Pandro S. Berman, who had previously worked with the composer on 1963's *The Prize* (*FSM* Vol. 5, No. 16).

As with so many Goldsmith scores, the key to unlocking the treasure of *A Patch of Blue*'s music is its hauntingly beautiful main theme, a theme critic Glenn Lovell justly describes as "surely one of the simplest, most effective pieces of music to grace a Hollywood film." The application of this theme within the score, and the score within the film, is one of the best examples of the Goldsmith *ethos* to be found in his early work.

The main theme is a delicate waltz, performed first on the piano, wrapped in a dreamlike mist of shimmering strings, vibraphone and solo harmonica (a device employed to memorable effect in his earlier *Studs Lonigan*, as well as in later scores such as *Magic*). The great triumph of this theme—and the score—is that it successfully captures and conveys the inner drama of the lead character's world. Selina D'Arcy (played by then-newcomer Elizabeth Hartman) is physically and emotionally fragile, trapped in the isolation of her shut-in life of poverty and a racially segregated society, for which her blindness serves as a metaphor. "Is it dark?" Selina asks her newfound friend and savior Gordon Ralfe (played by Sidney Poitier), who answers, "Yes." "Good," she says, "It makes you more like me." Selina is unaware of the irony behind her words—that Gordon, the man she has fallen in love with, is black.

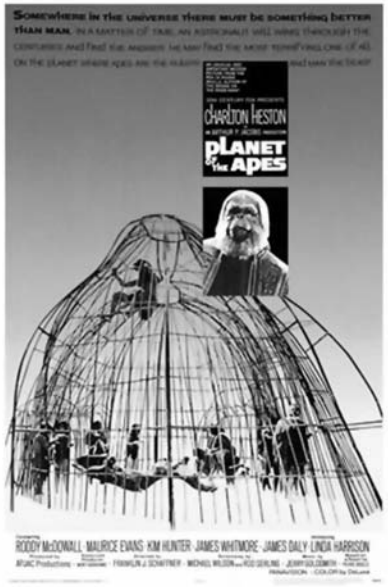
With the film's lead player blind and often alone in the film, it is up to Goldsmith to convey to the audience the interiority of the character. Her perspective is vital and unique, and since we cannot truly enter into her world visually (a few flashback sequences shot in perspective notwithstanding), we do so through music (indeed, Selina's most prized possession is a music box). Consequently, this is one of Goldsmith's most overt and psychological scores. Selina's wonderment, anxiety, fits of terror and bursts of joy are all brought to the fore through Goldsmith's inventiveness. The film establishes this convention up front with a whimsical fantasy sequence in the park, for which Goldsmith delivers a high-spirited musical romp. Notice the flute-simulated birdsong that opens the cue. The score often "plays along" in this manner, as in the scene where Selina's morning happiness—and the swelling music—is interrupted by a rude snore from Old Pa.

One of the more brilliantly scored sequences in the film (I would argue one of the most brilliantly scored sequences to ever grace a film—period!) is the "Bead Party." After first meeting Selina in the park, Gordon transforms her arduous work, stringing beads to make cheap jewelry, into a happy game. Goldsmith first establishes a swinging bass line, as evoked by the trembling vertical thread. The beads begin to drop down the string, piling up as Gordon and Selina laugh. And each time a bead hits









another bead, Goldsmith marks the moment with a musical *plink*. The scene does not appear to have been filmed with any particular timing, but somehow Goldsmith manages to capture the *exact rhythm* of the falling beads as a counterpoint to his bass line. The result is pure cinematic perfection.

For playing such a vital role in the film, Goldsmith's music never becomes obtrusive. Sparely orchestrated and avoiding most dialogue sequences, the score's careful timing, combined with the film's sharp and economical script, could almost function as a sort of tone poem. It was enough to impress countless admirers and critics, and earned Goldsmith his second Oscar nomination (*Freud*, three years earlier, being the first). Intrada's score CD (MAF 7076) includes an excellent track-by-track musical analysis by Douglass Fake, which I will not attempt to duplicate here.

My first encounter with the music to *A Patch of Blue* came more than 30 years after it was written, in the form of a Jerry Goldsmith concert in Detroit, MI. This is a measure of Goldsmith's own estimation of the score—that it is the earliest of his film scores to be featured in what became his standard concert repertoire. A small taste of that haunting piano line was enough to inspire me to purchase the album and eventually view the film. It was one of the happier discoveries in what continues to be a long line of gems unearthed in the mining of Goldsmith's early career.

The Blue Max

If *A Patch of Blue* was Goldsmith's first unquestioned masterpiece, then *The Blue Max* (1966) is surely the second. Of course, in the intervening time between these, Goldsmith had three more feature films under his belt: *Our Man Flint*, *The Trouble With Angels* and *Stagecoach*…all fine scores in their own right, but no match for the sheer vitality and spirit of *The Blue Max*.

In many ways, the demands on Goldsmith for *The Blue Max* were very different from *A Patch of Blue*. Whereas Selina D'Arcy is complex and undergoes significant character development, the antihero of *The Blue Max*, Bruno Stachel, is virtually transparent; he lusts to be the best pilot in the German Air Force, a rank symbolized by the prestigious "Blue Max" medal—all other concerns are secondary. If anything, Goldsmith's primary theme—an exhilarating musical essay on the thrill and majesty of flight to rival anything by John Williams—serves to convincingly humanize Stachel (something perhaps beyond the reach of actor George Peppard). But Goldsmith does not overlook the tragedy of Stachel, whose love of flying is also his doom. Thus the primary "flight" theme also imprints itself, through melodic fragments, on the score's two other major themes: the love theme for Stachel's shallow affair with a commanding officer's wife and the dirge-like theme that speaks to the darker side of war and obsession.

The thread that relates this score to *A Patch of Blue* (and to Goldsmith's musical philosophy in general) is that the music remains intensely personal, chiefly associated with Stachel and his exploits, always informing the audience which aspect of Stachel's personality is presently dominant. This comes across in the finished film in spite of the fact that most of the battle music Goldsmith wrote for the film's elaborate combat scenes—including the astounding six-and-a-half-minute cue "The Attack"—has been removed. It seems impossible that this should be a reflection on the quality of Goldsmith's music—which is incredible: pounding, dynamic, and some of the finest action-set pieces he ever wrote. More likely, it was a post-production decision to let the majority of these scenes play with nothing but sound effects—presumably to enhance the realism. Unfortunately, the humanity of these scenes suffers somewhat due to the removal of Goldsmith's score. For example, "First Blood" cuts off rather obviously as soon as the fighting begins, and the music resumes with "First Victory" as soon as the fighting is completed. What is missing is a passage in which Goldsmith expounds tense variations on the flight theme—the thrill of flying put through the wringer of combat. Likewise, the montage "The Attack" would benefit from Goldsmith's music. One of the special problems of montage as a technique is how to present a unified idea via a battery of different scenes and images. Music can be the unifying element. Without music, "The Attack" seems to emphasize the stark reality of war. With music, it fully captures the drive and ambition of Stachel to exploit this chaotic arena for the harrowing glory of flight and victory.

Nonetheless, Goldsmith's music remains one of the film's greatest assets. The composer, in turn, was provided with a rich canvas—the beautifully photographed film was shot in Cinemascope. He later drew on this score to craft a terrific five-movement concert suite, which showcases much of the music cut from the film (heard on Silva's *Goldsmith Conducts Goldsmith* CD,

SSD 1135). The score itself has seen a number of releases and re-releases; the best of these is probably Sony Legacy's 1995 issue (JK 57890), which contains the complete score, source cues and unused music.

The Sand Pebbles

The Blue Max was Goldsmith's most notable war picture to date. Also in 1966, and two Jerry Goldsmith film credits later (*Seconds* and *One of Our Spies Is Missing*), Robert Wise's *The Sand Pebbles* took the genre to an entirely different level. Social politics had played an important role in *The Blue Max*, with an unraveling WWI Germany serving as a determining force in the life of Bruno Stachel. But *The Sand Pebbles*, with clear overtones of Vietnam, placed an even greater emphasis on the geopolitics of the era. Set in China at the dawn of that country's nationalism, a primary concern of the film was the disconsonant experience of being a foreign presence in an alien land, where what first appears to be an opportunity for shared bonds, rooted in common humanity, is soon shattered and destroyed beyond all sense and reason.





Goldsmith responded not through false Orientalism but with the organic inclusion of Asian elements—most notably in the percussion and in the achingly beautiful love theme for Frenchy and Maily. China is virtually a character in the film, and Goldsmith treats it as such. The score's unifying theme, however, is like the soul of its main character, Jake (Steve McQueen, in one of his finest performances): simple and romantic (for the love story between Jake and Shirley) but also capable of being strong and forceful (in variations for the *San Pablo* and the patriotic naval bond of its crew). As Jeff Bond observed in his review of the score (*FSM*, Vol. 7, No. 7), "Steve McQueen's all-but-expressionless face was the perfect tabula rasa on which Goldsmith could paint his emotional landscapes…the emotive component of the *Sand Pebbles* score is enormously powerful."

The score's final major element is the oppressive theme that can be heard most prominently in "Death of a Thousand Cuts." This theme represents the presence of Death…not merely *death*, but the brutality of human murder. Hence, it shows up following particularly violent killings but not after the death of Frenchy, which is tragic but peaceful (he dies in bed, in the arms of his lover). Interestingly, the death theme dominates the main title. Thus, Goldsmith foreshadows the film's grim ending.

In keeping with the film's theme, much of Goldsmith's music is designed to unsettle—for example, the jarring chord shortly into "State of Siege," which plays underneath a rather nonthreatening shot of waving sailors. Then there are the fierce action cues. "Repel Boarders" is all fast-paced action and suspense, in spite of the fact that the scene fades away at the moment of climactic confrontation. Goldsmith's powerfully effective treatment of chaos and despair frees him to score moments of quiet respite with a sincere, romantic optimism that manipulates the listener into believing that maybe things will turn out for the best. He then intermingles and contrasts these elements, such as in the bittersweet "Almost Home." The effect on the listener is shattering.

The Sand Pebbles is a score mammoth in scope and execution. As Robert Townson writes in the liner notes to Varèse Sarabande's highly recommended Soundtrack Club Deluxe Edition CD, "If [Goldsmith's] work prior to the picture had left any question that a true artist had emerged, it was *The Sand Pebbles* which firmly established this new voice as a force to be reckoned with." The score earned Goldsmith his third Academy Award nomination. Its main theme would even become a pop hit in the form of the song "And We Were Lovers." And like *A Patch of Blue* and *The Blue Max*, *The Sand Pebbles* found its way into Goldsmith's concert repertoire, opening his "Motion Pictures Medley." He was even fond enough of the original score to revisit it in 1997 in a fine (if abridged) re-recording with the Royal Scottish National Orchestra (VSD-5795).

Planet of the Apes

We come now to one of Goldsmith's most celebrated contributions to the canon of film music literature. It is a score so effective and so memorable that it has left a permanent impression on virtually all who have seen the film…a few of whom who were sufficiently inspired to join the next generation of film music composers.

So much is striking about the music to *Planet of the Apes* (1968) that one scarcely knows where to begin! The powerful evocation of an alien world is immediately apparent in the pointillistic main title ("pointillism" being a musical style where notes do not join to form an obvious melody). By comparison, the China of *The Sand Pebbles* is merely exotic…the world Taylor (played by Charlton Heston) and his fellow human astronauts discover is a "strange, unearthly" place, to quote Goldsmith himself from his commentary track on the latest DVD issue of the film.

In order to fully convince the audience of the *alien nature* of the film's world, Goldsmith employs two techniques. The first is his choice of instruments—or rather, his discovery of new and unique sounds. Goldsmith eschewed electronics in favor of organic

music—a good decision, given the primitive aesthetics of the Ape world. To establish and maintain a not-of-this-earth atmosphere, Goldsmith used such diverse innovations as horns without mouthpieces and mixing bowls as percussion instruments. He also resurrected archaic instruments such as the ram's horn, lending a primal authenticity to cues such as "The Hunt."

His second technique is the musical language of serialism. An extension of composer Arnold Shoenberg's dodecaphonic technique, serialism involves variations and permutations on the twelve notes of the chromatic scale. Although influential in concert halls and conservatories during the mid-20th century, serial composition was rarely used in film scores—precisely due to its alienating effect on audiences whose ears were accustomed to the traditional systems of Western music. Goldsmith had used it before in *Freud*, and he would use it again—but not often; for most films, it would have been devastatingly inappropriate.

It worked wonders, however, for *Planet of the Apes*. The film, and score, are dominated by brooding, eerie landscapes and





ferocious explosions of activity. Any recognizable humanity must be leached from Heston's iconic, over-the-top performance. Of course, the disturbing similarities between Ape culture and our own are a major point of the film…but Goldsmith and director Franklin Schaffner correctly determined that this point was best made contrapuntally, the behavior of the Apes indicating kinship, the music reinforcing distance. In an upside-down world, similarities to our own are grotesque and disturbing without needing to be heavily underscored. "Frank and I never felt that what we did with the music should be obvious," Goldsmith states in his commentary track. "[We wanted to] give the audience some credit for being able to figure out things without us hammering it home." Goldsmith *does* hammer home some points, when appropriate—the shock of seeing an ape on horseback for the first time, for example—but he also knows when to be subtle. He says, "You have to be careful that the music slides into a scene, plays in a scene, enhances a scene, but is not intruding on a scene. And there is a difference. It's not an intellectual difference, it's an emotional difference."

It's worth noting, as Goldsmith does, that Frank Schaffner possessed a sly sense of humor that permeates the film—and lightens the burden of a basically absurd premise, keeping the film within the boundaries of social satire and preventing it from becoming too preachy or moralistic. Goldsmith's music reflects this humor (as in the hooting-ape sound effects in "No Escape": funny, but somehow chilling).

Planet of the Apes scored a fourth Academy Award nomination for Goldsmith. The complete score, plus unused music, has been issued on CD by Varèse Sarabande (VSD-5848).

THE GOLDSMITH METHOD

Each of the scores we have examined up to this point is distinct, but each has in common the basic methodical principles of its composer—similar to how a house showcases the methodical principles of its architect and its builder.

The Design Scheme

One of the hallmarks of a good film composer is knowing when to keep silent. An architect faced with an empty plot of land, or a designer with a blank wall, is capable of filling every square foot of that space. But no matter how artistically pleasing each individual foot may be, it can easily result in an atrocious effect when appreciated as a whole. In most artistic endeavors, blank spaces are required. This ensures that the overall design does not become cluttered to the point of distraction, in addition to drawing attention to those aspects of the piece that merit distinction. Emptiness itself can also be a powerful statement.

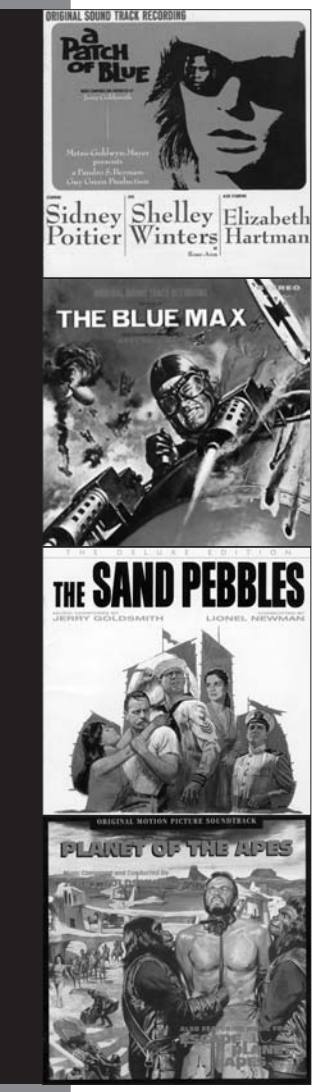
This philosophy is equally true for film scoring. Jerry Goldsmith has always been a master of judicious cue placement. "There comes a time," he says in his *Apes* commentary, "when it's [as] important to know when not to play music as [it is to know when] to play music." In *A Patch of Blue*, for example, he tends to stay away from the dialogue sequences, which are sharply written and compelling enough. For *The Blue Max*, the absence of music during Stachel's final doomed flight serves to heighten the tension—giving us the sense of holding our breath as we wait for the other shoe to drop. And the final terrible revelation of *Planet of the Apes* is allowed to play in silence, with only sound effects to wash over us as the credits roll.

Careful timing in *The Sand Pebbles* is crucial, with Goldsmith choosing to score the aftermath of horrific scenes like "Death of a Thousand Cuts" as opposed to the actual torture, thus driving home the emotional devastation. Choosing where to begin and end cues can also make a striking difference, as in *The Sand Pebbles*' "The Wedding." He extends the cue's beautiful final moments even *after* the alarm begins to sound. The music lingers with Jake, as if reluctant to tear itself away from the atmosphere of peace and return to the numb horrors of the gunboat.

Choosing the Tools

"The right tool for the right job" is the workman's credo. Budget restrictions aside, a composer has an almost limitless array of instruments and combinations to choose from. Before the score can be written, he or she must determine which instruments to use, how many, and in what configurations. The composer even has the option of multiple ensembles for a single score, although care must be taken to maintain an appropriate sonic consistency.

Step one is to *have* a lot of tools at your disposal. Goldsmith regularly surpassed his peers in this regard, searching out new and unusual instruments and sounds to enrich his diverse palette and not hesitating to apply them in innovative ways. The orchestra was not the "safe" orchestra but the one that was right for the film. *Planet of the Apes* is brilliantly shocking in its sound design, but it can also be discerned throughout Goldsmith's work. *The Blue Max* uses a wind machine to great effect. *A Patch of Blue*, in its spare orchestration and piano emphasis, attains a music-box quality, and the dreamy use of vibraphone and harmonica perfectly enhances the film's silvery black-and-white compositions. The score for *The Sand Pebbles*, meanwhile, is like the character of Maily: neither American nor Chinese in its blend of Eastern and Western elements and use of exotic instruments.



It's important to note that Goldsmith was not blinded by new technology and possibilities. "Sometimes the primitive ways of recording things are more effective," he says in his *Apes* commentary, referring to the use of delayed-recording techniques to achieve an effect another composer might have tried—with less success—to create with electronics.

Laying the Foundation

A good project requires a solid foundation to build on. For Jerry Goldsmith, this meant establishing a thematic cornerstone that could support the score musically—a cornerstone that usually took the form of a strong melody, but (as in the case of *Planet of the Apes*) could be as subtle as a recurring motif or musical configuration, depending on the needs of the film. Goldsmith was not the first composer to apply this philosophy, but he employed it with an almost unprecedented consistency and attention to detail. In *A Patch of Blue*, one melody virtually carries the score.

Even when dealing with the broad focus of epic films, that demanded more themes and a variety of musical ideas, Goldsmith always strove for thematic consistency and inter-relatedness (just as the main theme in *The Blue Max* informs the other two primary themes) or at least the primacy of a single theme (as in *The Sand Pebbles*). This approach is distinct from the traditional Wagnerian-leitmotif approach that characterizes many film scores, even extremely successful ones like John Williams' *Star Wars*. Speaking in an interview with Jeff Bond in *The Music of Star Trek* (Lone Eagle, 1999), Goldsmith says, of teaching aspiring film composers, "..the most important thing I've said is they have to have some thematic thread through the score, it's not just a lot of isolated pieces of music." The result is an unity and integrity that makes for an eminently more listenable soundtrack.

Solid Workmanship

And then there is the execution. The blueprint, materials and foundation are worthless without sound craftsmanship. This is where many modern scores and composers fall short of the mark, where ambition and creativity exceed the strength of the workmanship. Not so with Jerry Goldsmith. Having studied under Castenuovo-Tedesco and Rózsa, and an avid student of the classical masters, Goldsmith was a musician *par excellence*, a composer in the most accomplished sense of the word. He repeatedly drove home the importance of the fundamentals, knowing that creativity best thrives within structures that are not random or arbitrary. Goldsmith was well-educated and experienced in everything from romanticism, to pop, to modernism. Mahler, Haydn, Prokofiev, Bartók, Stravinsky… all impacted Goldsmith's musical world. Distinguishing each Jerry Goldsmith score is the fact that, beyond being good for the film, it remains good *as music*.

Interior Decorating

Finally, we come to the purpose of all creative endeavors: the human element. One does not build a house except to live there, nor paint a masterpiece save for it to be seen and appreciated by human eyes. Likewise, a film score has a job to do. That job is more than providing music to accompany a film's images. If that restrictive approach were applied to home-building, interior decorating would end with wallpaper. From the earliest days of movie-house pianos, accompanists would interpret what they saw on the screen and try to find its appropriate musical expression. Goldsmith's methodology went even further, not content to merely describe actions and images. His brilliance lay in the fact that he could cut straight to the heart of a film to get underneath its skin and discern the underlying psychology of its characters. In this way, by scoring his films from the inside out, Goldsmith brought his audiences into the world behind the screen, giving them an emotional and psychological stake. He had an uncanny knack for understanding the most effective musical language that would successfully speak to his listeners. Eulogizing Goldsmith on Varèse Sarabande's website, Robert Townson writes: "The structure of his film scores was often extremely intricate, but the appreciation was always emotional." That emotional connection—the intensity and immediacy of it—was the key to Goldsmith's success. Who doesn't feel, listening to "The Searchers" from *Planet of the Apes*, that they have touched down on alien soil? "You're either born with a dramatic instinct or you're not," Goldsmith succinctly states in the aforementioned Jeff Bond interview. That instinct was surely one of the composer's many gifts.

The Right Man

Within the four scores examined in this article, there's an extraordinary philosophical/methodical consistency—one that would define the shape of Goldsmith's career. Jerry Goldsmith loved the movies, and he wanted to help us love them more. To this task, he came armed with a formidable musical education, extensive training and an insatiable appetite for things new. He was a consummate storyteller and superb dramatist. His expansive musical vocabulary, combined with his gift of perception and constant attention to craft, opened up endless worlds of possibilities. His sheer talent and versatility ensured that he would *always* be the right man, no matter what the job. It's what launched him from the '60s all the way into the next millennium. It made him a giant in his field…one who can never be replaced.

We'll miss you, Maestro. **FSM**

You can write the author at johntakis@hotmail.com.

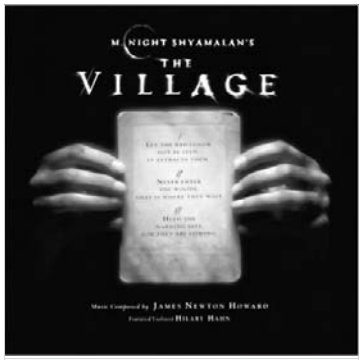
The Village ★★★ ½

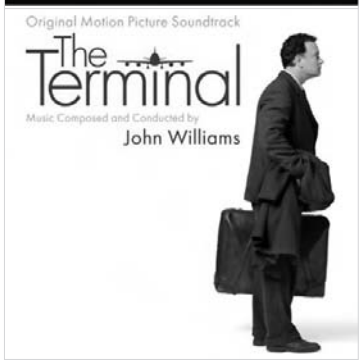
JAMES NEWTON HOWARD
Hollywood 2061-62464-2
13 tracks - 42:29

[If you still haven't seen *The Village*, this review will spoil it.]

Although it is not entirely out of line to claim that *The Village* finds M. Night Shyamalan digging himself deeper into a creative rut of deliberate pacing, false scares and third act twists, it's also true that once again the director affords James Newton Howard a generous mix, ample room to explore ideas and an intense sense of focus and clarity. For four films, Shyamalan has provided Howard with his most rewarding collaboration, from the chills of *The Sixth Sense* to the emerging urban heroism of *Unbreakable* and the expectant dread in the *Signs*' three-note motif. Like its predecessors, *The Village* finds this collaboration drawing Howard's work into a lucid intertwining of materials and structure. In this outing, Howard paints the placidity and underlying sadness of a small isolated country town in the 1800s. The emphasis is on pastoral colors: cascading string figures, arcing tuneful lines emphasizing sweet parallel harmonies, piano, recorders and Hilary Hahn's solo violin. The writing immediately conjures images of Vaughan Williams' or Bedrich Smetana's most lyrical works, but more in mood than content. The film is cut in such a way that Howard's writing is allowed to stretch into long expressive forms with little in the way of "cuey" mickey-mousing, which holds up especially well on CD.

As in other Shyamalan projects, Howard pulls a series of thematic ideas from a small but flexible collection of material. Three of Howard's principle themes feed off of each other, borrowing and transforming melodic concepts. The film's romantic tune places Hahn's solo violin over trickling figures in the string and woodwinds choirs. Roles are reversed for the rural writing representing life in the village—strings now sing an earnest and winding minor line over arpeggiated patterns in the solo violin. This same string melody is twisted and flattened to create adisturbingly still theme for the fear the village has incorporated into their daily life, here emphasizing winds. Howard's writing is unified by its simple effectiveness and restraint. Lines and orchestrations are never overtly colorful, though every so often sparks of more modern ideas pop into the mix: hints of Glass-like minimalism, subtle twinges of synth, the occasional tang of dissonant harmony. This is, as we eventually learn, tied into the film's deception—it is indeed modern times, not the 1800s. The denizens of the village have been divorced from society by false fears and imaginary monsters. And this dramatic twist earns the score's least effective writing.





Howard represents the woods' "creatures" with snorting clusters of trombones, contrabassoons, drums, rattles and general musical unpleasantness. It's a valid dramatic choice. These "monsters" are a false threat, little more than the town elders draped in robes. The music they earn is appropriately alien to the world around it, devoid of the melody and expressiveness present in the rest of the score. However, the album doesn't mirror the film's storyline precisely, and since this dramatic purpose is never established on CD, this element of the score feels unconnected and generic compared to its surroundings.

Also missing is the dramatic peak of works like *Unbreakable* and especially *Signs*, though the film has no such grand moment in its conclusion. The composer makes the most of what's presented to him by opening up the orchestral pallet to feature French horns and a temporarily adjusted harmonic language, but it lacks the dramatic punch that has marked previous projects with Shyamalan.

Still, *The Village* remains one of the summer's best scores. Its finest moments are as good as any yet available this year. **—Doug Adams**

The Terminal ★★★

JOHN WILLIAMS

Decca B0002924-02 • 14 tracks - 57:50

Light, breezy, lengthy, occasionally amusing—and fairly inconsequential. Those were my general feelings after seeing Steven Spielberg's latest, not-quite-greatest effort, which held my attention but failed to make any real impression. Straddling the line between drama and comedy, Spielberg seems to aim for whimsy. Maybe he does hit the mark, and whimsy just doesn't stick for me. Or maybe whimsy simply stretches thin over two-plus hours. I certainly can't fault Tom Hanks, who, with his mannerisms and quasi-Greek accent, does his best in the role of resourceful émigré Viktor Navorski. And I can't fault John Williams, whose score fits the film like a glove…for better and for worse. It is also light, breezy, lengthy, occasionally amusing… and, yes, fairly inconsequential. At least in this reviewer's mind. Maybe you, the reader, love Williams in his gentle jazz mode, which is the vein of most of this score. I find it kind of boring.

Yes, I said it…boring! Oh, don't get me wrong! This is topnotch writing all the way. And, as I said, it's a neat fit for the film, which at times seems to lack a soundtrack in favor of airport Muzak. I certainly can't imagine anyone writing a better score for this film. Viktor Navorski's theme is charming and infectious (perhaps a little too infectious, the way it bounces maddeningly into my head at odd moments!), and the breezy (there's that word again!) theme for Viktor's antics has a nice laconic swing to it. The "Krakozhia National Anthem" makes for a welcome change of pace mid-album, and the *Cape Fear* quote in "Refusing to Escape" is amusing. Finally, there's an old-school Hollywood love theme that makes its best appearance

in "The Fountain Scene." But the majority of the album is slight repetitions and variations on these themes amidst meandering underscore.

If you're a Williams fan, you're probably familiar with this side of the maestro. It's no less an authentic part of his distinctive compositional voice than his heroic fanfares or layered action cues. Yet I do not happen to feel that this particular score makes for a very successful album. In spite of Williams butchering the score's chronology to make for a more musically sensible experience (I'm not convinced), it just doesn't hold my interest beyond the first few cues. There are highlights here and there—quotes of "Here Comes the Bride" in "The Wedding of Officer Torres"; the piano-bass duet that opens "Jazz Autographs"—but pushing an hour in length, the album is simply too long.

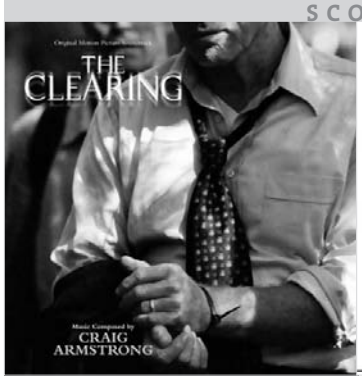
And yet, it's *quality music*! Mature, well-arranged, compositionally flawless. In short, typical Williams. It pains me to give any Williams album less than four stars for just these reasons. At his least inspired he writes better music than most of his contemporaries on a good day. But I have to go with my gut on this one and review the album as an experience. I love many slow scores, long scores, and even moody, atmospheric ones. But for some reason this one puts me to sleep. Forgive me, maestro…your godlike talent ensures you three stars, but my perplexing resistance to this latest opus draws the line there. **—John Takis**

Piano Works (Limited Edition) ★★★ ½

CRAIG ARMSTRONG

Sanctuary CACDX3 • 19 tracks - 58:23

For those who thought Craig Armstrong's greatest work was achieved at his bank of synthesizers, the composer goes "unplugged" to demonstrate the range both of his own compositions and of the piano as a single source of sound. Instead of the





"best of" compilation that many originally anticipated, this release utilizes a selection of Armstrong's familiar tracks and transforms them into one complete piece. I'm avoiding the use of the word "classical," if only because many would (wrongly) see it as synonymous with stuffy, old-fashioned music. By contrast, this work is very contemporary, while still classical in structure. It's a mature piece from a composer who is so comfortable with his craft that he is prepared to rework and restructure his own classics into something quite different.

Where else would you find music from scores such as *Love Actually*, *Romeo + Juliet*, *Orphans* and *Moulin Rouge* sitting alongside one another as if they were composed for the same movement? Of course, this could have backfired terribly, with the collector enraged that his favorite Armstrong tracks have been stripped down to their barest melody. But surely that's the point of the album—a good composition is a good composition, and with the orchestral layers peeled away, the purest music is left to dominate.

Moulin Rouge fans might find that Satine's theme is too different a beast in this form, but that will ultimately be a matter of opinion. Both movie and piano versions now exist for the same source, and how often are we as collectors offered contrasting takes by the original composer? The melancholy theme from *Orphans* is, incidentally, presented here for the first time in an official release. All sounds on the album are created by the piano, though there are electronic treatments on most of the tracks. Armstrong makes a point of informing us which piano was used at which of the four recording locations.

This is a limited, numbered release, beautifully packaged in a bound, fabric-covered, 28-page booklet with photographs of Paris. It was here, in France's capital city, that Armstrong recorded a number of the tracks, and the CD also features a preview of a film of this recording, due to be released on DVD later this year. Armed with the knowledge that the music is being performed in such a romantic setting, you may find that the disc takes on further elegant nuances with repeated play. More than a chill-out album or a simple mood piece, it's a concert work for your living room. **—Nick Joy**

The Clearing ★★ ½

CRAIG ARMSTRONG

Varèse Sarabande 302 066 585 2

25 tracks - 55:17

The fact that Craig Armstrong was tapped to compose the soundtrack for Pieter Jan Brugge's *The Clearing* should be the first clue that this film does not fit neatly into any one category. After all, Armstrong is perhaps best known for his collaborations with Baz Lurhmann, a director who has gleefully refused to be confined to one genre throughout his career, much less within a single film. *The Clearing* proves to be cut from the same mold. Its ads promote it as a standard summer thriller—and it certainly has elements from that genre—but, for the most part, the movie transcends neat categorization, emerging as a complex psychological character study.

Armstrong's score matches the director's vision. In action/thriller scores, most composers gradually build tension by stacking on more and more instruments as the movie progresses. They accompany the climax with an explosion of sound and then allow everything to die away in the denouement. Armstrong subverts these expectations completely. His score for *The Clearing* is, for the most part, a quiet affair. The drama is underscored by soft, slowly modulating string chords with wind, percussion and electronic instruments layered above the bed. For the rare explosion of tension, Armstrong uses percussion and electronics together, as in "Arnold on His Way." But these moments are few and far between.

Armstrong also undermines convention by using only one theme for the entire score. This theme is presented in three instrumentations in three cues, each titled "The Clearing Main Theme." This dirge of a theme climbs to an aching note of longing through arpeggios that become the score's characteristic gesture. The theme's most beautiful version is as a piano solo performed by the composer. As we know from Armstrong's album of solo piano works, the composer is gifted at bringing a rich, round sound to the piano, and this cue further solidifies that reputation. This meditative take on the main theme, accompanied by a relentless ostinato, is reminiscent of George Winston's unique piano music in its tone and minimalist trappings, and proves to be the score's emotional and structural high point.

Unfortunately, while it works for the movie, the score for *The Clearing* does not stand up well on its own. It is too much of the same for much too long. The necessary moments of catharsis are present, especially in Armstrong's poignant and concise manipulation of the main theme in "I Have Everything I

Need." Indeed, the album shines whenever the piano is added to the mix because the composer seems to focus in on exactly what he wants to say. But there are not enough of those moments to sustain interest beyond waiting for the next structural marker.

—Andrew Granade

Starship Troopers 2: Hero of the Federation ★★★ ½

JOHN MORGAN AND **WILLIAM STROMBERG**

Varèse Sarabande VSD-6581

38 tracks - 72:56

The prospect of a low-budget, straight-to-video sequel to Paul Verhoeven's *Starship Troopers* didn't generally set any hearts racing with anticipation, particularly with the news that Basil Poledouris was not returning to deliver more of his blockbuster score. However, once the initial disappointments subsided, good news started to filter through. The movie was going to be directed by special-effects supremo Phil Tippett, written by Ed Neumeier (screenwriter of the first *Starship Troopers* outing) and the score was to be written by John Morgan and William Stromberg. While unknown to the casual soundtrack listener, the composers were already popular in specialist soundtrack circles for their loving Marco Polo reconstructions of classic scores like *The Adventures of Robin Hood, The Hunchback of Notre Dame* and *King Kong*. They also went atomic with their spectacular scores to *Trinity and Beyond, Nukes in Space* and *Atomic Journeys*.

Poledouris' score is actually used in the "Battle at Z.A." and "End Credits" tracks, but that's where the similarities end. Wisely resisting the temptation to re-cook the old themes, Stromberg and Williams have instead opted to merely echo the style of his work before leaping into some more familiar territory. When the "Special Thanks" on the back of a CD include the names Bernard Herrmann and Max Steiner, you get a pretty good idea of what to expect, and the composers don't disappoint. In much the same way that the first *Troopers* was essentially an old-fashioned siege/war movie, its lower-profile successor plays on the same field, dipping into the John Ford/Steiner collaboration *The Lost Patrol*. However, there's no special thanks to Hans Zimmer, which is strange when considering that the opening track seems so beholden to the ever-popular *Backdraft*.

"Fortress Search" is a wonderful retro trip to Herrmann's fantasy films, featuring the string work and brass flourishes of *Mysterious Island* or *The 7th Voyage of Sinbad*. It doesn't take too much to recognize the descending strings of *Cape Fear* either. "Tail o' the Bug" and "Kill Them All" are frantic, violent cues in stark contrast to the heroics of "Dax's Last Stand" and the military bugles of "Reunion." By the time the "End Credits" are pulsing from your stereo, you'll be humming that Fed Net theme or getting ready to track back to "Fortress Search."

Don't be put off by the number of tracks. Many of the cues might only clock in at around the minute mark, but they are sequenced in such a way that the pace is maintained throughout and many neatly segue into one another. The 90-piece Moscow Symphony Orchestra (Morgan and Stromberg's orchestra of choice) perform with great gusto, and in the resulting absence of AFM re-use fees, we also get a healthy running time of nearly 73 minutes (which the composers stress is nearly every minute of the score). This might be a case where less would have been more, but let's leave it to the soundtrack fans to make their own decisions and track out the excess material.

In a summer where one major project was rejected for sounding "too old-fashioned," let's rejoice that the Golden Age sound is still alive elsewhere. Next time, though, I'd like this duo to step out from the shadows of the masters and show us the real Stromberg and Morgan.**—Nick Joy**







The Enemy Below (1957) ★★★ ½

LEIGH HARLINE

Intrada Special Collection Volume 15

19 tracks - 51:48

Despite having written one of the most recognizable tunes of the 20th century ("When You Wish Upon a Star"), Leigh Harline is nevertheless destined to remain in relative obscurity. So it's great to have labels such as Intrada and FSM dedicated to the release of obscure Golden Age film music. The World War II submarine thriller *The Enemy Below* is a welcome addition to Harline's small catalog.

"Charting Tables" prominently features one of the scores' recurring ideas: the competition between the themes for the American destroyer and the German U-boat. Harline leaves scenes of dialogue and exposition largely unscored, instead focusing on the suspense of the confrontations between the two vessels. "Target Waiting" provides chilling suspense for the stealthy hunt, with extremely low pizzicato strings evoking the enemy below: the killer U-boat biding its time, waiting to strike. "Target Safe" follows with exploding brass clusters for the inevitable attack.

Harline uses vibraphone and other shimmering effects; these passages give the impression of being written for a horror score, if not for the martial fanfares associated with the American destroyer interrupting the tension of the claustrophobic situation.

At 43 minutes, this is a very taut score, with Harline taking the listener on a whirlwind ride. Nineteen minutes of nearly continuous music from the film's climactic battle finally takes the listener into the denouement. The CD is entirely in stereo, and the sound quality is great. The bonus tracks include a short suite of all the recorded takes of the ethereal effects composed by Harline for the radar blip images, which could be easily missed when mixed with the louder orchestral tracks. If you want it—and can find it—grab it. The entire run has sold out.. **—Darren MacDonald**

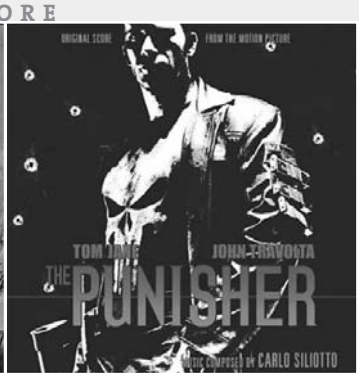
Toi, le Venin/Le Vampire de Dusseldorf (1958/1964) ★★★★

ANDREW HOSSEIN

Universal Music France • 24 Tracks - 65:50

Toi, le Venin/Le Vampire de Dusseldorf is part of the incredible "Ecoutez le Cinema!" series, a run of brilliant classic film scores from the European cinema of yesteryear. These CDs feature immaculate layout and design, original poster art, film stills, quotes from the directors, and memories from the various composers with a wonderful, often previously unreleased soundtrack. This particular album is special because it involves a father-and-son collaboration. The father is Russian-born filmmaker and composer Andre Hossein. His son, Robert Hossein, also loved music, but instead studied acting in Paris. Their initial collaboration was *The Wicked Go to Hell* (1956), Robert's





first feature film and Andre's first film score.

The Hosseins were two unique individuals who shared a love for each other but couldn't express it verbally. Although they didn't talk much, they completely understood one another. The end result of this director/composer relationship was always fresh and innovative. In 1959, the two Hosseins outdid themselves with *Toi, le Venin* (*Blonde in a White Car*). Musically it was quite successful—more so than the film itself. The up–tempo jazz numbers, with swinging horns and light vibraphones, fit well in the film and were markedly different from most of the noir and new wave soundtracks written at the time. Hossein's score traversed into the bars and dance halls of France, and people soon took notice.

Hossein's jazz style continued with *Le Vampire de Dusseldorf*, which is slower and a bit more shaded, with a more symphonic feeling. Vocalist Pia Columbo adds her beautiful voice to the song "La Belle de Nuit."

As a bonus, some of Hossein's writing for directors Greville, Gerard and Oury is included in this set. Outside of films, Andre Hossein composed concertos, symphonies and ballets. He had a well–rounded career in music, and his writing should please fans of Aaron Copland and Ennio Morricone. **—Jason Verhagen**

Yo-Yo Ma Plays Ennio Morricone ★★★★

ENNIO MORRICONE

Sony Classical SK90453

8 tracks - 62:26

It seems like there's an Ennio Morricone tribute CD released every month, and of course, it's not totally unwarranted. Morricone is one of a few liv–ing film composers who lives up to the title of maestro. He has scored over 400 films, mostly with Italian directors, but with many American ones as well. He's been nominated for five Academy Awards (but, shame–fully, has never won), and at 80 years old, he shows no signs of slowing down. Cellist Yo–Yo Ma came up with the idea for this CD a few years back when Morricone was nominated for an Oscar for *Malena* and Ma was on the show performing the nominated scores. And while a CD filled with cello–centric versions of popular Morricone film themes is certainly worthwhile, Ma and Morricone went the extra step.

This CD is being released with a DVD of short movies (directed by USC students) that used the new performances as inspiration. The movies themselves will have their premiere in Southern California on Nov. 5 in a live screening/concert with Yo–Yo Ma as soloist and Morricone's son Andrea conducting. The program will be repeated in Rome with Yo–Yo Ma on Nov. 16, with the maestro himself conducting.

The musical selections are mostly in the form of medleys corresponding to some of the major directors with whom Morricone has worked. There are suites for the films of Sergio Leone, Giuseppe Tornatore and Brian DePalma. Of the three suites, my favorite would have to be the old–fashioned romanticism of the Tornatore suite. Music that sounds remarkably like *Casualties of War*, however, seems to have found its way into the Leone suite. There's also music I was unfamiliar with: an elegant suite of music from two TV miniseries, *Marco Polo* and *Moses*. I was also glad to revisit the lush music from 1970's *The Lady Caliph*, two lovely cues from *The Mission* and a rendition of the underrated *The Legend of 1900*.

Ma, the crossover cello virtuoso, has never been a stranger to film music or film composers. He's had a working relationship with John Williams and Tan Dun on film and non–film projects, and his stature in the classical world is unsurpassed in his appeal to staunch fans and crossover fans alike. Neither group will be disappointed. The arrangements are by Morricone himself, so they are not arbitrarily thrown together. The cello flows organically within all the selections. This CD is a testament to a true collaboration between two artists who respect each other. **—Cary Wong**

The Punisher (2004) ★★★★

CARLO SILIOTTO

La-La Land LLLCD 1020 • 30 tracks - 65:37

The most interesting thing about this score is that it doesn't contain any standard action music. Siliotto mentions in his liner notes how happy he was that writer/director Jonathan Hensleigh supplied him with great characters, and his music reflects just that—*character*. The first track's moody trumpet solo demonstrates that this music doesn't intend to go for the throat.

The sheer amount of thematic writing Siliotto packs into this score is an absolute joy; there are roughly five themes in total. One for Punishment, one for Remembering, and three slithering ideas for the villains. The Punishment theme gets the most treatments, opening the album with a rendition that makes it sound similar to Zimmer's trumpet work in *The Rock*. In other places it escapes this similarity; played quickly in staccato bursts, it sounds more like James Horner ("She Took the Train/Punishment" for example). This theme stays melancholy the entire way through, only becoming vaguely heroic at the end ("The Skull"). The trumpet solo aims for the heart.

The Remembering theme gets the standard piano orchestration, but what distances it—as well as the rest of the score—from other similar ideas is Siliotto's approach. His background in foreign films is a godsend, because he doesn't approach this theme the way a typical American composer would. There is very little percussion, and the melody stays in your face the entire time. It doesn't interfere with the dialogue but plays alongside it, underscoring the emotions. It's prominently mixed in the film as well, unlike the murky string work or percussion samples that hide in the background in many similar films. Siliotto's music also carries a slight tinge of Spanish flavor that isn't apparent in the orchestration yet casually surfaces as the album progresses.

Siliotto's choice to include a saxophone in the score piqued my curiosity especially, because this instrument can signal the essence of cheesiness. Surprisingly, he manages to wrangle some evocative moments out of it, underscoring the evil Mrs. Sain, who's tied to the very instigation of the revenge against Castle. Thus she gets her own theme, which frequently plays against Howard Saint's menacing piano and string melody. Evil henchman Quentin Glass also gets his own idea—another slow, minor–key piece so subtle it isn't even immediately recognizable as an actual theme.

I never expected *The Punisher* to sound like this. I feared repetitive percussion, techno. I feared the new world (though some of Siliotto's string passages do sound like Don Davis' *Matrix* work!). Instead, I was treated to a rich, melodic score that harkens back to yesteryear and soars to the forefront of the mix. La–La Land's presentation also impresses, as it includes a whopping 60

minutes of score. Only one corny pop song finds its way onto the album, as does a selection from "Rigoletto," (used as underscore during a fight scene). Rarely does a score get treatment this good, and even more rarely does it actually deserve it. **—Luke Goljan**

Du Barry Was a Lady (1943) ★★

PORTER, EDENS, HARBURG

Rhino Handmade RHM2 7851

23 tracks - 78:27

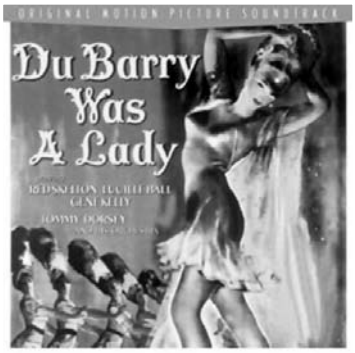
Another sterling example of Hollywood's uncanny knack for getting it wrong, the 1943 film treatment of Cole Porter's 1939 stage smash *Du Barry Was a Lady* really lost something in the translation. For starters, belter extraordinaire Ethel Merman may have had the rafters ringing at the 46th Street Theatre on Broadway, but by the time cameras rolled, the Merm's powerhouse pipes were sacrificed in favor of Lucille Ball, a comedic genius but no great shakes in the high-notes department. Arthur Freed, M-G-M's legendary producer of topnotch musicals, seemed intent on molding Ball into Metro's answer to Betty Hutton, Paramount's raucous and bankable comedienne. For *Du Barry*, Ball was newly coifed and her tresses tinted a striking henna hue that studio stylist Sydney Guilaroff christened "Tango Red." As a result, the future Mrs. Ricardo would never photograph more ravishingly than she did in the resplendent Technicolor process. Still, an elaborate musical seemed an odd choice for a performer far more comfortable with pratfalls than Porter tunes.

The incomparable Bert Lahr and Ronald Graham ("The Boys from Syracuse") were lauded for their performances during the triumphant theatrical run of *Du Barry,* but they were replaced on film by Red Skelton and Gene Kelly, respectively. Like Lucy, Skelton and Kelly were being groomed for superstardom by M-G-M, and the revue-like qualities of the project were deemed ideal for showcasing their distinctive talents. With a youthful Zero Mostel, Virginia O'Brien, and Tommy Dorsey and His Orchestra stirred into the mix, *Du Barry* boasted the most eclectic movie cast ever assembled until *Myra Breckinridge* arrived nearly 30 years later (speaking of Mae West vehicles, scenarist Herbert Fields first offered *Du Barry* to the inimitable West as an original screenplay specially tailored to her lascivious persona, which the star promptly rejected as unsuitable).

Irving Brecher faced obstacles in adapting the frothy innocuousness of the book by Fields and B.G. DeSylva: A nightclub cloakroom attendant (Skelton) covets comely headliner May Daly (Ball), who only has eyes for a nimble chorus boy (Kelly). During a delirious episode, the attendant imagines himself as Louis XIV, wooing the scandalous coquette Madame Du Barry in overdressed 18th-century Versailles. Not exactly *Porgy and Bess*, but thanks to Porter's reputation and Merman's fiercely dedicated fan base, it racked up 408 performances on The Great White Way.

This limited-edition Turner Classic Movies Music/Rhino Handmade version of the *Du Barry* soundtrack offers knockout fidelity, but immaculate audio is beside the point when the material being presented is almost uniformly uninspired. This is one movie musical with a notable absence of vocals. Merman's spotlight numbers "When Love Beckoned," "Come On In" and "Oo-La-La" were either relegated to instrumentals or dropped entirely by the Freed Unit. Several other Porter compositions were tossed overboard and substituted with fresh concoctions by Burton Lane, Roger Edens and Ralph Freed. Considering the talent quotient involved, it's surprising that none of these newfangled arrangements amounted to anything memorable.

In fact, the *Du Barry* cinematic score achieves the sublime once as Kelly serenades Lucy with "Do I Love You?", one of Porter's most





tender and satisfying ballads. The only other keeper is Dorsey's "I'm Getting Sentimental Over You/We'll Get It" medley, which is presented in its entirety on this soundtrack release. Following *Du Barry* are five tracks from Metro's *Meet the People* (1944), which reunited Ball and O'Brien and added Lahr and Dick Powell to the marquee. The musical content is as unimpressive as the batch of *Du Barry* misfires, and these latter selections are also marred by an intrusive hiss and other auditory imperfections. Taken in tandem, this is a disappointing double feature for M-G-M musical aficionados. **—Mark Griffin**

The Thorn Birds (1983) ★★★★ ½

HENRY MANCINI

Varèse Sarabande 302 066 564 2

Disc One: 23 tracks - 56:56

Disc Two: 25 tracks - 60:25

This year marks the 10th anniversary of Henry Mancini's death, and yet this release is one of the precious few restored and remastered releases of one of his scores. That said, Robert Townson now presents us with nearly two hours of Mancini's fine work for this landmark miniseries.

Though often best remembered for his hip sound that defined a whole generation of movie music with the jazz/rock elements of *The Pink Panther, Peter Gunn, A Shot in the Dark*, etc., Mancini's more straightforward orchestral writing is often sorely ignored. *The Thorn Birds* falls squarely in this latter field, containing some of the most heartfelt writing in the composer's canon. Mancini had a gift for melody, and the main theme kicks things off right away in "Main Title," simultaneously conjuring up nostalgia, romance and the Australian outback—*without* the use of a didgeridoo.

The main theme dominates the score, but Mancini provides a handful of other fully developed themes, at times even evoking his previous score for *The White Dawn*—and even hinting at his future score for *Lifeforce*. All the album highlights are too numerous to mention but include "Baby Hal Dies," "Beach Walk," "It's Shearing You're Hearing," and "Arrival at the Vatican." And it's not only a full, lush orchestral sound Mancini uses; there are several quieter reflective moments for solo flute or guitar with string backing. It's great to hear a composition written for television from the days before synthetic drones and looped electronic backbeats and shrinking music budgets took the art down a few notches. Furthermore, the music is allowed to develop; unlike today's television projects where most cues run less than a minute, there are several lengthy tracks here.

Much has been made on the internet message boards regarding the dulcimer missing from "Main Title." Having been an adolescent when *The Thorn Birds* first aired, I can't remember watching it, let alone what the music was like. It's unfortunate that it's missing, but my review is based on the material at hand. The dulcimer does show up on the album during "The Thorn Birds Theme" on the first disc, so it's not entirely absent. To pass over this album because of one cue would deprive yourself of two hours of some of Mancini's most heartfelt and beautiful writing. **—Darren MacDonald**

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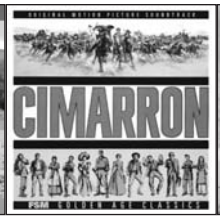
☐ Vol. 7, No. 14
The Man From U.N.C.L.E. Vol. 3
JERRY GOLDSMITH, DAVE GRUSIN, ET AL.
Films released: 1964-68
Studio: M-G-M
Genre: Secret Agent
Silver Age Classics
CD released: September 2004
Mono • Disc One: 77:21 • Mono/Stereo Disc Two: 77:03
To celebrate the 40th anniversary of *U.N.C.L.E.* this fall, FSM completes its trilogy of albums with music from both the original series and its 1966 spinoff, *The Girl From U.N.C.L.E.* Eight composers are represented, including 37 minutes of Goldsmith music in stereo. **$24.95**



☐ Vol. 7, No.13
I'll Cry Tomorrow
ALEX NORTH
Film released: 1955
Studio: M-G-M
Genre: Biography
Golden Age Classics
CD released: September 2004
Stereo • 75:53
A first-rate biopic based upon the life of Lilian Roth, starring Susan Hayward in a powerhouse performance. Equally strong is North's jazz-infused score featuring a memorable main theme. The CD includes all of the dramatic underscore, plus source cues and three vocals (by Hayward) presented in chronological order. **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 7, No. 12
Ride the High Country/Mail Order Bride
GEORGE BASSMAN
Films released: 1962/1964
Studio: M-G-M
Genre: Western
Silver Age Classics
CD released: August 2004
Stereo • 76:54
Unsung Golden Age composer Bassman contributed a warm, wistful and melodic score to Sam Peckinpah's first masterpiece, *Ride the High Country* (32:35). Two years later, he reworked the same material into his score to *Mail Order Bride* (44:28). This CD premieres both scores in stereo. **$19.95**

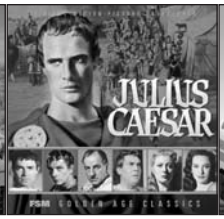


☐ Vol. 7, No.11
Cimarron
FRANZ WAXMAN
Film released: 1960
Studio: M-G-M
Genre: Western Epic
Golden Age Classics • CD released: August 2004
Stereo • 79:37
This remake of Edna Ferber's best-selling novel was one of the last attempts to present a big, sprawling epic of the old West. The sumptuous score includes the stirring title song, European folk song and a spiritiual—not to mention the thunderous Land Rush cue. This is the definitive presentation! **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 7, No. 10
Born Free
JOHN BARRY
Lyrics by Don Black;
Vocal by Matt Munro
Film released: 1966
Studio: Columbia
Genre: Wildlife Adventure
Silver Age Classics
CD released: July 2004
Stereo • 39:55

This score and song became pop sensations; Barry and Black won Academy Awards for both song and score. Now, the original LP recording has been remastered and released on CD for the first time! Special price: **$16.95**



☐ Vol. 7, No. 9
Julius Caesar
MIKLÓS RÓZSA
Film released: 1953
Studio: M-G-M
Genre: Shakespeare/Epic
Golden Age Classics CD released: July 2004
Mono & Stereo • 68:05

One of Ròzsa's most powerful scores: dark and dramatic yet full of melody. This premiere CD features the complete score, in mono, with a wealth of outtakes, and pre-recordings, including several tracks in stereo. **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 7, No. 8
Big Wednesday
BASIL POLEDOURIS
Film released: 1978
Studio: Warners
Genre: Surf Epic
Silver Age Classics
CD released: June 2004 •
Stereo • 78:29

One of the great orchestral scores of the 1970s, available for the first time anywhere. Ranging in scope from simple folk tunes to magnificent orchestral swells, Poledouris' feature debut is epic in every sense. Includes alternate takes and source cues (21:24), all in stereo. **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 7, No.7
The Fastest Gun Alive/ House of Numbers
ANDRÉ PREVIN
Film released: 1956
Studio: M-G-M
Genre: Romantic Drama
Golden Age Classics • CD released: June 2004
Mono • 76:10
Two potent scores penned for director Russel Rouse. *Fastest Gun* (37:36) is a psychological western with classic American string writing; *House of Numbers* (38:34) is a psychotic crime thriller with appropriately over-the-top music. Presented in the best-possible monaural sound (as recorded). **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 7, No. 6
The Shoes of the Fisherman
ALEX NORTH
Film released: 1968
Studio: M-G-M
Genre: Political Thriller
Silver Age Classics
CD released: April 2004
Stereo • Disc One: 77:09
Disc Two: 74:50

FSM's premiere 2-CD set features the complete, massive underscore on disc one; Disc two collects source and alternate cues, plus demos from *Ice Station Zebra* (9:47) and LP recording of *Where Eagles Dare* (40:39), all in stereo. **$24.95**



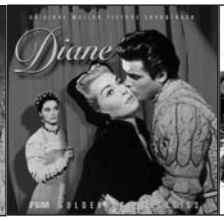
☐ Vol. 7, No.5
The Swan
BRONISLAU KAPER
Film released: 1956
Studio: M-G-M
Genre: Romantic Drama
Golden Age Classics • CD released: April 2004
Stereo • 49:54

The Swan was Grace Kelly's penultimate film, eerily foreshadowing her own destiny as Princess Grace of Monaco. This premiere features the complete, original soundtrack remixed from three-track masters, as well as brief passages recorded for the '50s LP. **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 7, No. 4
Logan's Run (TV Series)
LAURENCE ROSENTHAL, et al.
Telecast: 1977 • Studio: M-G-M
Genre: Science Fiction
Silver Age Classics
CD released: March 2004
Stereo • 79:55

This short-lived TV series borrowed props and ideas from the feature film, with new music by Rosenthal, Bruce Broughton, Jerrold Immel (*Dallas*) and Jeff Alexander. Includes suites from all nine episodes of original music, remixed from three-track masters, in stereo. **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 7, No.3
Diane
MIKLÓS RÓZSA
Film released: 1956
Studio: M-G-M
Genre: Historical Drama
Golden Age Classics • CD released: March 2004
Stereo • Disc One: 71:36
Stereo & Mono • Disc Two: 77:43

Lana Turner's final film at M-G-M gets a lush score of beauty and grace. Disc one presents the underscore; disc two includes alternates and source cues (57:45), plus unreleased material from *Plymouth Adventure* (7:48) and *Moonfleet* (12:10). **$24.95**



☐ Vol. 7, No. 2
Khartoum/ Mosquito Squadron
FRANK CORDELL
Films released: 1965/1969
Studio: United Artists
Genre: Historical Epic/WWII Espionage
Silver Age Classics
CD released: February 2004
Stereo • 78:55

Two military-themed scores on one CD: *Khartoum* (41:46) is a sweeping epic with British and Arabian colors; *Mosquito Squadron* (37:08) includes aggressive action writing and a noble, patriotic theme. Both are from stereo LP masters. **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 7, No.1
The Prisoner of Zenda
ALFRED NEWMAN
Film released: 1952
Studio: M-G-M
Genre: Swashbuckler
Golden Age Classics
CD released: February 2004
Mono • 58:21

This colorful remake of the 1937 swashbuckler sports a robust adaptation of Newman's original score (by Conrad Salinger). The score is brimming with Wagnerian leitmotifs for the major characters, and a rousing underscore for the climactic duel. **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 6, No. 21
Where Eagles Dare/ Operation Crossbow
RON GOODWIN
Films released: 1968/1965
Studio: M-G-M
Genre: WWII Espionage
Silver Age Classics
CD released: January 2004
Stereo • Disc One: 74:04
Disc Two: 78:37

A 2-CD presentation of two classic scores: The entire underscore (not the LP re-recording) from *Where Eagles Dare*, and the premiere release of *Operation Crossbow*, plus source and alternate cues from *Eagles*. **$24.95**



☐ Vol. 6, No. 20
Moonfleet
MIKLÓS RÓZSA
Film released: 1955
Studio: M-G-M
Genre: Swashbuckler
Golden Age Classics
CD released: January 2004
Stereo • 77:11

A moody tale of smugglers directed by Fritz Lang. The score is richly melodic with a particularly lovely main theme. FSM's premiere album release includes the complete score plus numerous alternates and source cues. **$19.95**

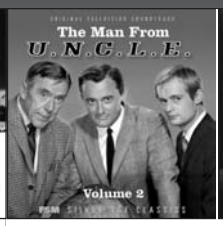
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☐ Vol. 6, No. 19
McQ
ELMER BERNSTEIN
Film released: 1974
Studio: Warner Bros.
Genre: Police Thriller
Silver Age Classics
CD released: November 2003
Stereo • 49:24
Combines a traditional symphonis with '70s funk for a unique, swaggering sound. **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 6, No. 18
On Dangerous Ground
BERNARD HERRMANN
Film released: 1952
Studio: RKO • Genre: Film Noir
Golden Age Classics
CD released: November 2003
Mono • 48:24
Herrmann's only film noir runs the gamut from furious chases to heartfelt warmth.. Produced from acetate recordings. **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 6, No. 17
The Man From U.N.C.L.E. Vol. 2
JERRY GOLDSMITH, et al.
TV Produced: 1964-68
Studio: M-G-M • Genre: Spies
Silver Age Classics
CD released: Oct. 2003
Mono • Disc One: 77:54
Mono/Stereo Disc Two: 76:29
With music by Fried, Shores, Riddle and more. **$24.95**



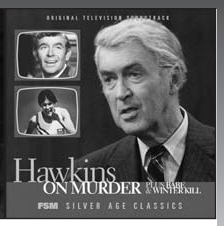
☐ Vol. 6, No. 16
The Brothers Karamazov
BRONISLAU KAPER
Film released: 1957
Studio: M-G-M
Genre: Literary Adaptation
Golden Age Classics
CD released: Oct. 2003
Mono • 79:10
A rich and varied score for one of the greatest works in literature. **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 6, No. 15
Wild Rovers
JERRY GOLDSMITH
Film released: 1971
Studio: M-G-M
Genre: Western
Silver Age Classics
CD released: Sept. 2003
Stereo • 79:14
A favorite score gets the definitive treatment including film tracks & LP recording. **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 6, No. 14
The Cobweb/ Edge of the City
LEONARD ROSENMAN
Films released: 1956, 1957
Studio: M-G-M • Genres: Drama
Golden Age Classics
CD released: Sept. 2003
Stereo • 51:54
Two early scores by one of cinema's most distictive voices, from film and LP. **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 6, No. 13
Hawkins on Murder/ Winter Kill/Babe
JERRY GOLDSMITH
Films broadcast: 1973, '74, '75
Studio: M-G-M
Genres: Crime, Biography
Silver Age Classics
CD released: July 2003
Stereo • 77:24
Three complete TV movie scores plus bonus tracks. **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 6, No. 12
Toys in the Attic
GEORGE DUNING
Film released: 1962
Studio: United Artists
Genre: Southern Family Drama
Golden Age Classics
CD released: July 2003
Stereo • 70: 27
One of Duning's greatest scores is sensitive, rich and melancholy. **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 6, No. 11
The Appointment
MICHEL LEGRAND, JOHN BARRY & DON WALKER, STU PHILLIPS
Film released: 1969
Studio: M-G-M
Genre: Drama
Silver Age Classics
CD released: June 2003
Stereo • 77:06
Three scores on one CD. **$16.95**



☐ Vol. 6, No. 10
Our Mother's House/ The 25th Hour
GEORGES DELERUE
Films released: 1967
Studio: M-G-M
Genre: Gothic/WWII Comedy
Silver Age Classics
CD released: June 2003
Stereo • 58:49
Both delicate, melodic scores are remastered in stereo. **$19.95**



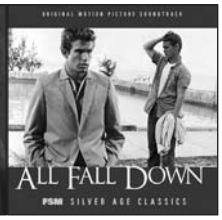
☐ Vol. 6, No. 9
The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn
JEROME MOROSS
Film released: 1960
Studio: M-G-M
Genre: Satirical Adventure
Golden Age Classics
CD released: June 2003
Stereo and Mono • 59:58
A giant of Americana writes a bouncy, rich score.**$19.95**



☐ Vol. 6, No. 8
Soylent Green/ Demon Seed
FRED MYROW/ JERRY FIELDING
Film released: 1973/77
Studio: M-G-M • Genre: Sci-Fi
Silver Age Classics
CD released: May 2003
Stereo • 79:49
Two '70s sci-fi scores on one disc:. **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 6, No. 7
Knights of the Round Table/ The King's Thief
MIKLÓS RÓZSA
Film released: 1953/1955
Studio: M-G-M
Genre: Costume Adventure
Golden Age Classics
CD released: May 2003
Stereo • Disc One 70:31
Disc Two 78:21
Two complete OSTs. **$24.95**



☐ Vol. 6, No. 6
All Fall Down/The Outrage
ALEX NORTH
Film released: 1962/1964
Studio: M-G-M
Genre: Drama/Western
Silver Age Classics
CD released: Apr. 2003
Stereo • 52:54
Two complete scores: a hushed, sweet, family drama and a western remake of *Rashomon*. **$19.95**



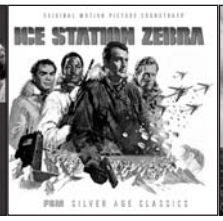
☐ Vol. 6, No. 5
Green Fire/ Bhowani Junction
MIKLÓS RÓZSA
Film released: 1954/1956
Studio: M-G-M
Genre: Adventure/Drama
Golden Age Classics
CD released: Apr. 2003
Stereo/Mono • 79:20
A symphonic score coupled with "world-music"cues. **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 6, No. 4
THX 1138
LALO SCHIFRIN
Film released: 1970
Studio: Warner Bros,
Genre: Science Fiction
Silver Age Classics
CD released: Mar 2003
Stereo • 55:45
Includes many unused passages from an avant garde masterpiece. **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 6, No. 3
Home From the Hill
BRONISLAU KAPER
Film released: 1960
Studio: M-G-M
Genre: Drama
Golden Age Classics
CD released: Mar. 2003
Stereo/Mono • 79:26
All of the music from the film is present, plus bonus tracks and alternates. **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 6, No. 2
Ice Station Zebra
MICHEL LEGRAND
Film released: 1968
Studio: M-G-M
Genre: Military/Espionage
Silver Age Classics
CD released: Feb. 2003
Stereo • 79:20
Offbeat, epic scoring for orchestra, with over twice the music on the original LP—in stereo. **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 6, No. 1
Plymouth Adventure
MIKLÓS RÓZSA
Film released: 1952
Studio: M-G-M
Genre: Historical Epic
Golden Age Classics
CD released: Feb. 2003
Mono • 79:35
Rózsa's magnificent historical music for the voyage of the Mayflower. **$19.95**



☐ VOLUME 5, NO. 20
Never So Few/7 Women
HUGO FRIEDHOFER/ ELMER BERNSTEIN
Film released: 1959/1966
Studio: M-G-M
Genre: WWII/Drama
Silver Age Classics
CD released: Jan. 2003
Stereo • 73:46
Two Asian-flavored classics. **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 5, No. 19
Tribute to a Bad Man
MIKLÓS RÓZSA
Film released: 1956
Studio: M-G-M
Genre: Western
Golden Age Classics
CD released: Jan .2003
Stereo • 50:30
Rózsa's rare western is sweeping, full of melody, and flecked with brooding melancholy. **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 5, No. 18
The Man From U.N.C.L.E. Vol. 1
JERRY GOLDSMITH, et al
TV Produced: 1964-68
Studio: M-G-M
Genre: Secret Agent
Silver Age Classics
CD released: Dec. 2002
Mono • Disc One: 77:05
Mono/Stereo Disc Two: 76:08
Seven composers! **$24.95**



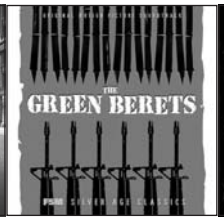
☐ Vol. 5, No. 17
The Seventh Sin
MIKLÓS RÓZSA
Film released: 1958
Studio: M-G-M
Genre: Drama
Golden Age Classics
CD released: Dec. 2002
Mono • 59:26
This reworking of *The Painted Veil* combines film noir, exotic and epic film scoring. **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 5, No. 16
The Prize
JERRY GOLDSMITH
Film released: 1963
Studio: M-G-M
Genre: Espionage
Silver Age Classics
CD released: Nov. 2002
Stereo • 72:37
An early Jerry Goldsmith action-suspense gem for a Hitchcock-styled thriller.. **$19.95**



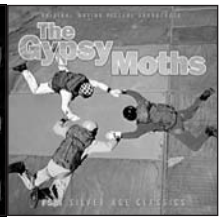
☐ Vol. 5, No. 15
The World, the Flesh and the Devil
MIKLÓS RÓZSA
Film released: 1959
Studio: M-G-M
Genre: Science Fiction
Golden Age Classics
CD released: Nov. 2002
Stereo • 52:53
A rare Rózsa's sci-fi score set in post-apocalyptic NYC. **$19.95**



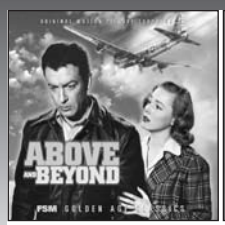
☐ Vol. 5, No. 14
The Green Berets
MIKLÓS RÓZSA
Film released: 1968
Studio: Warner Bros.
Genre: War/Adventure
Silver Age Classics
CD released: Sept. 2002
Stereo • 72:37
A stirring symphonic score, (plus "The Ballad of the Green Berets"). **$19.95**



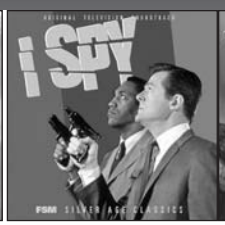
☐ Vol. 5, No 13
Scaramouche
VICTOR YOUNG
Film released: 1952
Studio: M-G-M
Genre: Costume Adventure
Golden Age Classics
CD released: Sept. 2002
Mono • 62:28
The last of the Golden-Age swashbucklers with alternate, unused and source cues. **$19.95**



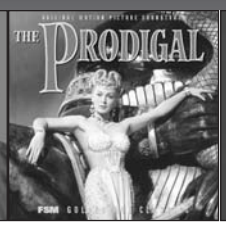
☐ Vol. 5, No. 12
The Gypsy Moths
ELMER BERNSTEIN
Film released: 1969
Studio: M-G-M
Genre: Drama
Silver Age Classics
CD released: Aug. 2002
Stereo • 61:08
A sweeping Americana score plus nightclub and marching band source cues. **$19.95**



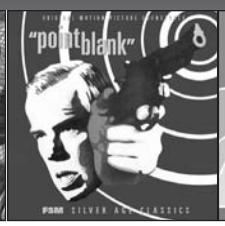
☐ Vol. 5, No 11
Above and Beyond
HUGO FRIEDHOFER
Film released: 1952
Studio: M-G-M
Genre: WWII
Golden Age Classics
CD released: Aug. 2002
Mono • 55:44
This stirring, progressive score, includes one of Friedhofer's greatest main titles. **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 5, No. 10
I Spy
EARLE HAGEN
TV Produced: 1965-67
Network: NBC
Genre: Secret Agent
Silver Age Classics
CD released: July 2002
Stereo/Mono • 77:57
Five episode scores for ground-breaking series—all OST, not LP recordings. **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 5, No 9
The Prodigal
BRONISLAU KAPER
Film released: 1955
Studio: M-G-M
Genre: Biblical Epic
Golden Age Classics
CD released: July 2002
Stereo • 75:11
Epic features choruses, solos, source cues and thundering symphonic glory. **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 5, No. 8
Point Blank/The Outfit
JOHNNY MANDEL/
JERRY FIELDING
Film released: 1967, 1973
Studio: M-G-M
Genre: Film Noir
Silver Age Classics
CD released: June 2002
Stereo • 77:54
Two tough films based on D.E. Westlake's crime novels. **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 5, No 7
On the Beach/
The Secret of Santa Vittoria
ERNEST GOLD
Film released: 1959, 1969
Studio: United Artists
Genre: Drama, Comedy
Golden Age Classics
CD released: June 2002
Stereo • 70:59
Two LP scores reissued on one CD, with one bonus cue. **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 5, No. 6
The Traveling Executioner
JERRY GOLDSMITH
Film released: 1970
Studio: M-G-M
Genre: Black Comedy
Silver Age Classics
CD released: May 2002
Stereo • 39:39
This score touches all the bases, from bluegrass to avant-garde to full-scale action. **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 5, No 5
36 Hours
DIMITRI TIOMKIN
Film released: 1964
Studio: M-G-M • Genre: WWII/Spy
Golden Age Classics
CD released: May 2002
Stereo • 66:41
A taut, piano-dominated score with an accent on stealth—and double the length of the LP. **$19.95**



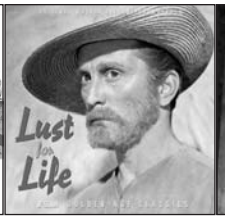
☐ Vol. 5, No 4
The Man Who Loved Cat Dancing
JOHN WILLIAMS
MICHEL LEGRAND
Film released: 1973
Studio: M-G-M
Genre: Western
Silver Age Classics
CD released: Mar. 2002
Stereo • 65:37
A rare two for one! **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 5, No. 3
Joy in the Morning
BERNARD HERRMANN
Film released: 1965
Studio: M-G-M /
Genre: Romance
Golden Age Classics
CD released: Mar. 2002
Stereo • 46:33
The complete score: romantic, surging with passion and haunting in its use of melody.. **$19.95**



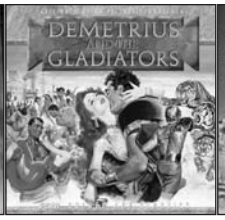
☐ Vol. 5, No 2
Logan's Run
JERRY GOLDSMITH
Film released: 1976
Studio: M-G-M / Genre: Sci-Fi
Silver Age Classics
CD released: Feb. 2002
Stereo • 74:18
This classic story of a dystopian future gets the royal treatment in this restored, remixed, resequenced release! **$19.95**



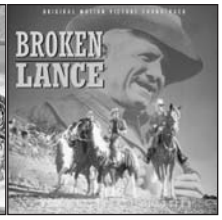
☐ Vol. 5, No. 1
Lust for Life
MIKLÓS RÓZSA
Film released: 1956
Studio: M-G-M
Genre: Biography
Golden Age Classics
CD released: Feb. 2002
Stereo • 61:51
A favorite score of the composer, remixed, with bonus alternate cues and more. **$19.95**



VOLUME 4, No. 20
Farewell, My Lovely/
Monkey Shines
DAVID SHIRE
Film released: 1975/88
Studio: M-G-M
Genre: Film Noir/Suspense
Silver Age Classics
CD released: Jan. 2002
Stereo • 73:48
Jazzy Noir & rhythmic thrills. **$19.95**



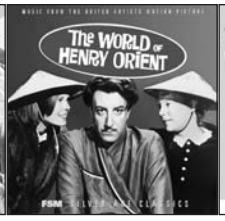
☐ Vol. 4, No. 19
Demetrius and the Gladiators
FRANZ WAXMAN
Film released: 1954
Studio: 20th Century Fox
Genre: Biblical Epic
Golden Age Classics
CD released: Jan. 2002
Stereo • 61:51
Spectacular Biblical epic. **$19.95**



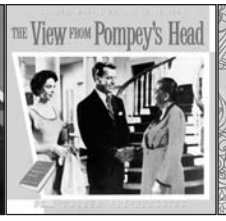
☐ Vol. 4, No. 18
Broken Lance
LEIGH HARLINE
Film released: 1954
Studio: 20th Century Fox
Genre: Western
Golden Age Classics
CD released: Dec. 2001
Stereo • 38:41
Disney's workhorse composer from the '30s goes West. **$19.95**



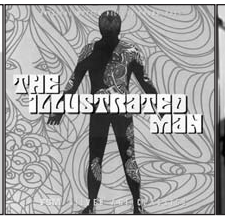
☐ Vol. 4, No. 17
John Goldfarb,
Please Come Home!
JOHNNY WILLIAMS
Film released: 1965
Studio: 20th Century Fox
Genre: Comedy
Silver Age Classics
CD released: Dec. 2001
Stereo • 71:32
Wacky Arab go-go music! **$19.95**



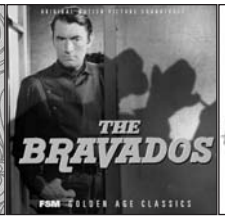
☐ Vol. 4, No. 16
The World of Henry Orient
ELMER BERNSTEIN
Piano Concerto by K. Lauber
Film released: 1964
Studio: United Artists
Genre: Comedy/Drama
Silver Age Classics
CD released: Nov. 2001
Stereo • 40:32
Bernstein's "second-best" score for children, sounds great! **$19.95**



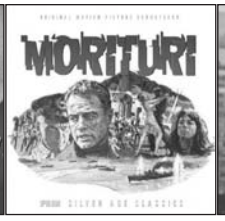
☐ Vol. 4, No. 15
The View From Pompey's
Head/ Blue Denim
ELMER BERNSTEIN/
BERNARD HERRMANN
Films released: 1955/1959
Studio: 20th Century Fox
Genre: Drama
Golden Age
CD released: Nov. 2001
Stereo • 75:15
Two films by Philip Dunne. **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 4, No. 14
The Illustrated Man
JERRY GOLDSMITH
Film released: 1969
Studio: Warner Bros.
Genre: Sci-fi/Anthology
Silver Age Classics
CD released: Sept. 2001
Stereo • 42:02
One of Jerry Goldsmith's most haunting sci-fi creations. **$19.95**



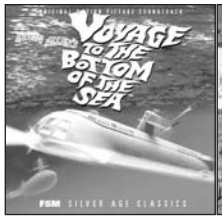
☐ Vol. 4, No. 13
The Bravados
ALFRED NEWMAN &
HUGO FRIEDHOFER
Film released: 1958
Studio: 20th Century Fox
Genre: Western
Golden Age Classics
CD released: Sept. 2001
Stereo (w/ some mono) • 69:34
Two scoring legends collaborate for a rich western score. **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 4, No. 12
Morituri/Raid on Entebbe
JERRY GOLDSMITH/
DAVID SHIRE
Films released: 1965/77
Studio: 20th Century Fox
Genre: WWII/Docudrama,TV
Silver Age Classics
CD released: Aug. 2001
Stereo (Morituri)/
Mono (Entebbe) • 57:50
Suspense! Action! Exotica! **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 4, No. 11
The Best of Everything
ALFRED NEWMAN
Song by Newman &
Sammy Cahn.
Film released: 1959
Studio: 20th Century Fox
Genre: Drama/Romance
Golden Age Classics
CD released: Aug. 2001
Stereo • 71:14
Newman's last Fox score. **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 4, No. 10
Voyage to the Bottom
of the Sea
PAUL SAWTELL
& BERT SHEFTER
Song by Russell Faith,
Film released: 1961
Studio: 20th Century Fox
Genre: Sci-fi/Irwin Allen
Silver Age Classics
CD released: July 2001
Stereo • 55:55 **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 4, No. 9
Between Heaven and Hell/
Soldier of Fortune
HUGO FRIEDHOFER
Films released: 1956/55
Studio: 20th Century Fox
Genre: WWII/Adventure
Golden Age Classics
CD released: July 2001
Stereo • 73:00
A moody war thriller, and an exotic, melodic jewel. **$19.95**



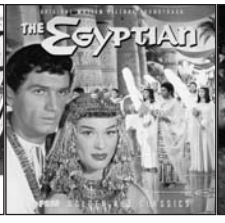
☐ Vol. 4, No. 8
Room 222/Ace Eli and
Rodger of the Skies
JERRY GOLDSMITH
Films released: 1969/73
Studio: 20th Century Fox
Genre: Sitcom / Americana
Silver Age Classics
CD released: June 2001
*Mono (*Room 222*)/Stereo &*
*Mono (*Ace Eli*) • 71:37*
Two light and lyrical scores. **$19.95**



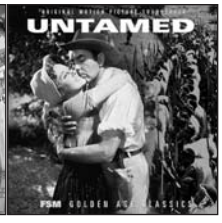
☐ Vol. 4, No. 7
A Man Called Peter
ALFRED NEWMAN
Film released: 1955
Studio: 20th Century Fox
Genre: Religious/ Biography
Golden Age Classics
CD released: June 2001
Stereo • 58:14
Biopic receives rich, reverent, melodic score; complete. including source music. **$19.95**



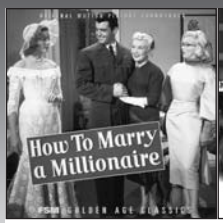
☐ Vol. 4, No. 6
The French Connection/
French Connection II
DON ELLIS
Films released: 1971/75
Studio: 20th Century Fox
Genre: Police Thriller
Silver Age Classics
CD released: May 2001
Stereo & Mono (I)/
Stereo (II) • 75:01
Two classic cop thrillers. **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 4, No. 5
The Egyptian
ALFRED NEWMAN &
BERNARD HERRMANN
Film released: 1954
Studio: 20th Century Fox
Genre: Historical Epic
Golden Age Classics
CD released: May 2001
Stereo • 72:06
The original stereo tracks resurrected! **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 4, No. 4
Untamed
FRANZ WAXMAN
Film released: 1955
Studio: 20th Century Fox
Genre: Historical Adventure
Golden Age Classics
CD released: April 2001
Stereo • 65:43
A thrilling adventure score in first-rate sound. **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 4, No. 2
How to Marry a Millionaire
ALFRED NEWMAN & CYRIL MOCKRIDGE
Film released: 1953
Studio: 20th Century Fox
Genre: Comedy/ Romance
Golden Age Classics
CD released: Mar. 2001
Stereo • 70:03
Period songs adapted as instrumental underscore. **19.95**



☐ Vol. 4, No. 1
Conquest of.../Battle for the Planet of the Apes
TOM SCOTT/LEONARD ROSENMAN/LALO SCHIFRIN
Film released: 1972/73
Studio: 20th Century Fox
Genre: Sci-fi/Fantasy
Silver Age Classics
CD released: Feb. 2001
Stereo & Mono (Conquest)/ Stereo (Battle) • 74:44 **$19.95**



☐ **VOLUME 3**, No. 10
Beneath the 12-Mile Reef
BERNARD HERRMANN
Film released: 1953
Studio: 20th Century Fox
Genre: Adventure
Golden Age Classics
CD released: Feb. 2001
Stereo • 55:06
Premiere release of original stereo tracks, albeit with minor deterioration. **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 3, No. 9
The Stripper/Nick Quarry
JERRY GOLDSMITH
Film released: 1963/68
Studio: 20th Century Fox
Genre: Drama /Action,TV
Silver Age Classics
CD released: Jan. 2001
Stereo (Stripper)/ Mono (Quarry) 73:35
Early Goldsmith feature w/bonus tracks)— plus a TV rarity. **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 3, No. 8
From the Terrace
ELMER BERNSTEIN
Film released: 1960
Studio: 20th Century Fox
Genre: Drama
Golden Age Classics
CD released: Dec. 2000
Stereo • 71:27
Soaper features tuneful, romantic score; Rich Americana, sensitive romantic themes. **$19.95**



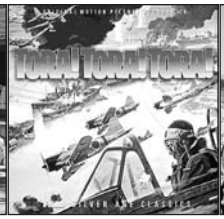
☐ Vol. 3, No. 7
Batman
NELSON RIDDLE
Theme by Neal Hefti
Film released: 1966
Studio: 20th Century Fox
Genre: Adventure/Camp
Silver Age Classics
CD released: Nov. 2000
Mono • 65:23
Holy Bat-tracks! 1966 feature expands TV themes. **$19.95**



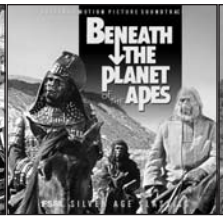
☐ Vol. 3, No. 6
The Undefeated/ Hombre
HUGO MONTENEGRO/ DAVID ROSE
Films released: 1969/67
Studio: 20th Century Fox
Genre: Western
Silver Age Classics
CD released: Sept. 2000
Stereo • 72:33
A Western two-fer: one brash, one quiet—both gems. **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 3, No. 5
A Guide for the Married Man
JOHNNY WILLIAMS
Title Song Perf. by The Turtles
Film released: 1967
Studio: 20th Century Fox
Genre: Comedy
Silver Age Classics
CD released: July 2000
Stereo • 73:10
"Johnny"'s best comedy! **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 3, No. 4
Tora! Tora! Tora!
JERRY GOLDSMITH
Film released: 1970
Studio: 20th Century Fox
Genre: WWII
Silver Age Classics
CD released: May 2000
Stereo • 54:45
Score balances aggressive action with avant-garde effects. **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 3, No. 3
Beneath the Planet of the Apes
LEONARD ROSENMAN
Film released: 1970
Studio: 20th Century Fox
Genre: Sci-fi/Fantasy
Silver Age Classics
CD released: Apr. 2000
Stereo • 72:37
Complete film score plus LP re-recording and FX tracks. **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 3, No. 1
Take a Hard Ride
JERRY GOLDSMITH
Film released: 1975
Studio: 20th Century Fox
Genre: Western
Silver Age Classics
CD released: Feb. 2000
Stereo • 46:38
Strange "blaxploitation," western gets wonderful symphonic score, great main theme. **$19.95**



☐ **VOLUME 2**, No. 9
The Flim-Flam Man/ A Girl Named Sooner
JERRY GOLDSMITH
Films released: 1967/1975
Studio: 20th Century Fox
Genre: Drama/Americana
Silver Age Classics
CD released: Jan. 2000
Stereo (Flim-Flam)/ Mono (Sooner) • 65:20
An Americana duo. **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 2, No. 8
Rio Conchos
JERRY GOLDSMITH
Film released: 1964
Studio: 20th Century Fox
Genre: Western
Silver Age Classics
CD released: Dec.1999
Mono/Stereo (combo) • 75:28
Presented complete (55:43) in mono, with some cues repeated in stereo. **$19.95**



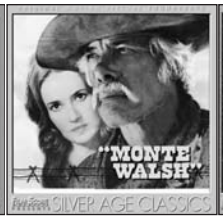
☐ Vol. 2, No. 7
All About Eve/ Leave Her to Heaven
ALFRED NEWMAN
Film released: 1950/45
Studio: 20th Century Fox
Genre: Drama
Golden Age Classics
CD released: Nov. 1999
Mono (2 trks. in stereo) • 44:19
Eve is a true classic: *Heaven* is brooding film noir. **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 2, No. 6
The Comancheros
ELMER BERNSTEIN
Film released: 1961
Studio: 20th Century Fox
Genre: John Wayne/Western
Silver Age Classics
CD released: Sept.1999
Stereo • 47:44
Elmer Bernstein's first score for John Wayne is a western gem. **$19.95**



☐ Vol. 2, No. 5
Prince of Foxes
ALFRED NEWMAN
Film released: 1949
Studio: 20th Century Fox
Genre: Historical Adventure
Golden Age Classics
CD released: July 1999
Stereo • 46:39
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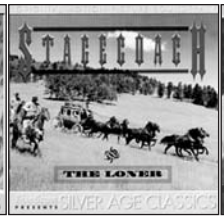
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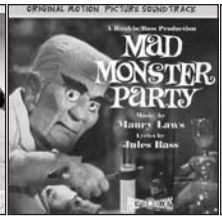
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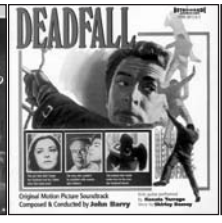
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Dear Jerry...



The letter I never wrote.

By Lukas Kendall

I have spent the better part of my life loving Jerry Goldsmith's music. And you'll have to excuse the majority of this piece if it seems to be far more about me than it is about him—but I have also spent a good portion of my life knowing that Jerry Goldsmith hated me.

Why? I never found out and never will. I would ask his agent, his publicist, his son, anyone—does he really hate me, or is it some Don Rickles thing? And they would ask me, no, he *really* hates you—what did you do? And all I could do was guess.

(Folks, I know I was a mere trivial blip on his radar screen—that this is significantly elevating my own importance. But it is important to me, so allow me to proceed.)

It all started when I was a teenager: Around 1993 I got a list of composers' addresses and sent them a free sample copy of *FSM* (issue #32), which was then a small newsletter. Most didn't respond; a few liked it; and one specifically did not—J.G., as relayed to me by "The Dragon" (named affectionately), Lois Carruth, who told me that the Old Man (not her term) glanced at it and said, no thanks—and in a definitive way.

In retrospect, I understand. *FSM* has always been largely by fans, for fans. If composers are interested too, it's because they are interested in what fans have to say. Hopefully we unearth information that is valuable for posterity, but when it comes down to it, we're a community discussing our passion.

Jerry was an odd guy. He wasn't John Williams, a Maestro, who will talk to you like a bored college professor—unfailingly polite but with no emotional engagement. Jerry seemed to live entirely in a state of emotional engagement. He was full of contradictions: he was cantankerous, but decent. He could be very funny, but couldn't tell a joke. He was immensely intelligent, but inarticulate about discussing his work—except when he wasn't, when he could be brilliant. He lived a posh life in Beverly Hills but was essentially a blue-collar, punch-the-clock kind of guy—one of the reasons he was so beloved by musicians.

Like many composers attracted to film he had the ability to be a great artist—which he was—but preferred the emotional stability of a craftsman: that way he could shrug off the weight of his decisions because they were in support of other matters. He was a genuine workaholic—except for a few attempts, he scarcely composed any music outside of film—and I think that that was one of his demons, which for the most part have not been revealed. I hope one day they are, by someone who writes a proper biography. Someone named Jon Burlingame.

Jerry was an odd guy and I have proof of that: Because there is no other explanation for why a man of his talent and success would care about the opinions of a teenager. That's what it was all about: the opinion that I (and some others) do not like his music from the '90s. There are all sorts of reasons: natural progression of an artist, business changes in movies' post-productions, and the ideological and aesthetic transformations of the movies themselves. But in a nutshell, '90s Jerry was Jerry Lite, and if you don't think so—if you think *A Patch of Blue* and *Rudy* are of the same heart and soul—well, maybe you could have been friends with him. I sure couldn't. But I didn't suck up to him when he was alive and I won't start now: from 1962 to 1986 he was the best ever, and then from 1987 to 2004 he was still very good but not as captivating. (I really don't know his pre-1962 work but apparently it was loaded with promise—big surprise.)

Here are two stories about meeting Jerry: The first was when percussionist Emil Richards invited me to an *L.A. Confidential* session. I warned Emil that the Old Man hates me, but Emil said, nah, Jerry's a sweetie. I arrived at Todd-AO and Emil went into the booth to mention that I was there as his guest. A seemingly long time later, Emil wandered out and said, geez, what did you do? Here is what Jerry said: "Get that little shit out of here!

I don't want him here!" Emil, however, had pleaded my case and I was allowed to stay.

I spent the day trying to act brave but cowering whenever Jerry walked by; fortunately Joel Goldsmith was a visitor that day and could offer me some protection, as I sort of knew Joel, even though he had had zero success rehabilitating me in the eyes of his (actual) old man. I remember that Joel and Jerry each smoked around eight billion cigarettes.

Finally I worked up the courage to introduce myself to J.G. Here is how it went:

Jerry: "You've written a lot of shit about me!"

Me: A lot of stammering, ending with "I'm sorry."

Jerry: "Well, okay...come back sometime."

I thought yeah! In Like Flint!

Then I realized: in the mail at that very instant was the new issue of *FSM* with my personal, scathing pan of *The Ghost of the Darkness*—which I didn't like and still don't, though I remember the theme, which is more than I can say for most other composers' scores of the '90s. But come on, it's no *Wind and the Lion*. (You can read for yourself my horrible words in *FSM* Vol. 1, No, 76.)

So, I knew then and there that I would never be a friend of Jerry's. Someone would fax him that review—apparently someone had taken to doing that—and I would be not only a punk, but a two-faced lying bastard punk.

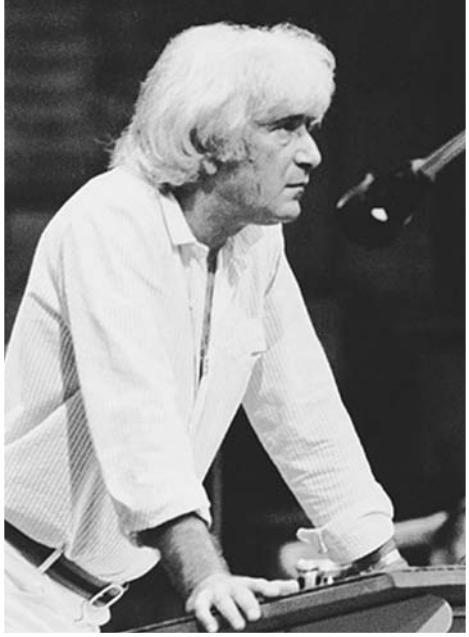
I didn't even bother to follow up.

My second Jerry story involves

a Pasadena concert he did around 1998. It was out in the woods which was neat, but less so because the acoustics weren't great. Let me say something honest but possibly offensive about Jerry's concerts: they were no good. Jerry is not John Williams. He has one piece where everyone goes, oh, I know this, and even that is sort of embarrassing: *Star Trek*. But everything else is perfectly fine music that nobody normal would identify without looking in the program. And it was never his best music! His best music is part and parcel of the films, requires weird instruments, and is ancient and obscure—and abrasive. He wasn't going to do the dog airlift from *The Cassandra Crossing*. He liked to do the new, happy stuff. Not to mention his stilted introductions...I'm not picking on the dead, folks, I said this when he was alive.

The Pasadena people, not knowing that Jerry hated me—and I saw no reason to tell them—invited me to the post-concert reception.

Just before this, something odd had happened: director Brett Ratner, whom we had interviewed after he hired Lalo Schifrin for *Money Talks* and *Rush Hour*, invited me to watch



him direct a Wu-Tang Clan video. (For all you white people: *a very hot rap group*.) The video had to do with killer bees, and being a dork I suggested that if they needed any kind of orchestral sample, that Jerry Goldsmith wrote the all-time great killer bee score, *The Swarm*. Brett said great, get me it! I had to explain that it was on vinyl only, to which Brett said great, get me it! I went to Disc-Connection at Laurel and Sunset where Bernie still had racks of LPs (covered with so much dust that he would give you an alcohol wipe to clean your fingers after you browsed the selections). I bought a sealed *Swarm* LP and gave it to Brett...and they actually used it in the beginning of the video. I made pop history!

Flash forward to the buffet table at the Pasadena after-party, where Jerry had been informed of this development (I think by Joel). I had avoided Jerry, for fear of a certain beating, but he made the first move.

Jerry: "So, Lukas...I hear you're making me famous."

To which my friend Nick Redman said—in his lovely British accent, that you'd have to know him to know it was a joke—"Well, somebody's got to."

Jerry, ever the giver and receiver of lead balloons, glared at both of us, as if to say: how dare we suggest he was not already more than sufficiently famous.

That was the last interaction

I ever had with Jerry Goldsmith, ceding the spotlight to Jeff Bond, who worshipped the man longer than I did, and did not deserve to have my personality cast such an awful shadow on his lovable Midwest demeanor—and yet Jeff had to endure Jerry standing in a corner at an Oscar cocktail reception rather than talk to Jeff Bond. Now that's weird.

Most of you really don't know me beyond what I write in *FSM* and in liner notes, but I'm not necessarily a bad guy. I'm writing this honestly because I have a lot of shame about how I alienated one of my musical idols, and I want to get it off my chest. The good thing about being as low-down in the gutter as I am is that I have nothing to lose.

After Pasadena, I bugged Richard Kraft (Jerry's agent) from time to time to see if there was any chance of a rapproachment, and he told me not a chance in hell. I think I started to write a letter once, but never sent it. (Richard, giving me hope, had famously offended Jerry as a boy by asking him to sign too many records, and later got thrown out of the *Twilight Zone: The Movie* scoring session. But I guess there's only one Richard Kraft.)

All the while, I was producing over a dozen CDs of Jerry's great old work, which Richard would sometimes give to him. It was a ghastly situation and I am deservedly called slime for making money (relatively speaking—Jerry's CDs only pay for the really obscure stuff we dig up) off of his massive genius, all the while that he hated my guts. Tough customer that I am, I chose to accept it. I never once stopped loving his music, and I forced myself to make a complete and utter separation of my relationship with the man and his music. (I feel schizophrenic about this, but I had no choice—I'll close with this below, but don't you dare skip ahead.)

Then, he got sick. It sounded serious but there was no way I was going to try to contact him now—"So, now that you're dying..." Talk about ghoulish. I always thought he would pull out of it and maybe—this was my most ridiculous of dreams—I would produce a movie one day and hire him to do his Last Great Score, and after he groveled to get the assignment, we would collaborate in love and affection, and my support would allow him to dig up that *Illustrated Man* Jerry that had been buried by 25 years of who-knows-what and he would win that second Oscar that always eluded him. I would be redeemed.

Then, he died. Gone. Our First Beatle.

I was going out of town that

day (to the San Diego Comic Con) and didn't attend the funeral, which I didn't know would be public, and which I probably would not have gone to anyway. For one thing it didn't seem respectful of what he surely would not have wanted, and for another, I would surely weep my brains out and people would talk about what a spectacle I made.

The *L.A. Times* called asking for a quote for the obituary and I had to laugh because here I was getting myself press off of his talent—

again. But I also wanted to do the Old Man justice...I excused myself by saying that they called me, that I didn't seek this out.

I didn't want to give a quote full of boring adjectives—that he was the "best" or the "greatest" because that means nothing. I wanted to say something so that when people read the paper that day, they wouldn't simply think that some longstanding Hollywood hack had died.

So I told them something that I knew people would understand: For us, this was Brando dying.

And it was. Jerry Goldsmith was the Great One, the one that everyone else in the field looked up to. He had the answers when no one else even knew the question. He literally changed the nature of the art form, and like Brando he did it innately, out of his own emotion and talent, and he could sort of explain it, but not really. There is a truism about poetry that a poem is the shortest expression of itself—that to explain the poem takes longer than to simply read the poem. That was Jerry's music, the simplest reduction, which is one of the hardest things to achieve in art. Jerry's music had an essential simplicity—as well as technical excellence—that reached deep into the humanity of his films. It could not be explained in filmic terms but in human terms, and I think Jerry's own discomfort with his feelings why he was so hit-or-miss in interviews.

There is an anecdote about Brando that he was once going over his filmography with someone and described his roles like this: pain, pain, money, pain, money, money, pain. Certain jobs he took for money and others—the artistic ones—caused him pain. He had to act but it hurt him: It meant facing the inner truths of life and death—it was a deep and public exposure—but he could not do his art any other way.

Jerry was the film composing equivalent of this, a Method composer, and the degree to which he was willing to discuss his work had to do—I'll bet—with the degree to which he felt secure as a human being. Hence the one-word answers, the self-effacement, the attitude that so much of his work was crap...but boy, could he be protective of it. Later in life he opened up but embraced a kind of revisionist history where *Rudy* was the best thing he had ever done—not *Patton*, not *Chinatown*, but a simpleminded little-guy movie, albeit a well-made one.

Many artists are afraid to be happy because they are worried that they will lose their edge. I think late in life Jerry did find happiness and he did lose his edge. From all accounts he loved his second family and after years of prickly behavior he seemed to enjoy the embrace of fans—doing concerts, recording new albums of classic scores, and doing interviews (except with *FSM*). But the work did suffer. The last "old Jerry" score was *Basic Instinct*—it was inventive and beguiling and that magical blend of hot and cold. Things like *Rudy* and *Mulan* were the warm and fuzzy Jerry that has a large following too, but it doesn't win me over. Jerry should have been doing *Rudy* one month, and *American Beauty* the next—he was the original Howard Shore, the original Thomas Newman, the original Danny Elfman. But he never connected with the indie scene or with '90s asthetics the way he did with '80s synth pop. Maybe he was just exhausted, and there was so much comfort and love surrounding him that it was easiest to be the *Rudy* guy, the Maestro that he wasn't. Or maybe that was who he really was all along—you never know.



But think of this: *Lost in Translation* could only have worked with Bill Murray—not any of those other SNL guys. Bill Murray is the only one who never lost his edge. Yet Bill Murray doesn't seem like a happy guy.

Of the Silver Age, there are four great guiding lights (pictured above): Williams, the Maestro; Goldsmith, the Artist; Barry, the Rock Star; and Morricone, who might as well be a space alien. Williams is not Marlon Brando—he is Olivier, all technique and intellect and cool reserve. The other kind of genius, hence his relative ease in explaining the *Jaws* theme or the *Star Wars* theme. Williams is loaded with fame and fortune and Oscars—as is Barry. Morricone shamefully has never won an Oscar but has massive street cred. Only Jerry really seemed to belong to *us*—not cineastes, not hip-hop guys, not poseurs, not lightsaber geeks, but to people who loved film music.

People often ask me to explain why I (and by that, *you*) love film music and I think I can. (Take note of this, because when people ask you, this can be your answer.)

I love movies because of the way they tell stories that relate to our lives and to human experience; music is a major component of film; hence listening to the music divorced from the film is a way to channel those storytelling experiences on a more abstract level, and also appreciate the music in its own right. There are feelings I define in my life because they emotionally *sound* like *Star Trek*, or *Logan's Run*, or *Take a Hard Ride*, and they are deeply primal. They are the simplest expressions of themselves and like a great poem the act of explaining them is so much longer and clumsier than the thing itself.

For me, and for the thousands (if not more of us) who love him, Jerry Goldsmith is the singular author of those private feelings. And that is why I mourn him that he's gone, and I cry for him, and I don't care that he hated me; it's utterly irrelevant. Even more than John Barry and John Williams who get the Oscars and the acclaim, Jerry seemed to do what he did best—score utter crap—as a private gesture for us. His specialty, let's face it, was scoring mediocrity with the utmost of respect. We loved that dreck and by treating every *Damnation Alley* like *Citizen Kane* he seemed to be the only person to validate our feelings. Nobody else would understand—not parents, not spouses, not friends. But Jerry did. We loved that crap and so did he and that was the greatest gift anyone could give.

My Dad and I both lost our favorite musical artists this year—for him, it was Ray Charles. But I told him, at least Ray Charles didn't hate your guts! I will have to live for the rest of my life with the fact that Jerry Goldsmith apparently hated mine.

But I was being facetious. I told you I learned to live with it and here is how: There is a very good movie called *Adaptation* that is all about how the human heart changes to survive—how it mutates out of evolutionary necessity. Jerry may have hated me, but I loved his music down to my pores and I will continue to love it until the day I die. Anything that transpired on the personal level is irrelevant. Jerry, you're gone now, and I wish I had sent you that letter, but all I would have said is this: I love you more than you ever realized and I will never stop loving you, and I don't care what you thought of me.

As they say in *Adaptation*, you are what you love—not what loves you. **FSM**

JerryUnplugged

By Jason Comerford



It's a Thursday morning. The routine is the same as always. Roll out of bed, stumble to the coffeemaker, check the email and the headlines on the AP newswire. There it is: "Oscar–Winning Composer Jerry Goldsmith Dies in L.A." I'm not really all that surprised. I'd been hearing murmurs here and there over the past year or so, folks talking about how he'd been sick, his normally blistering work pace starting to flag. The AP has a photo of him with Don Was, of all people, accompanying the obit, which was more jarring than the news itself. Immediately I start thinking, well, what if Was could get Dylan or Willie to come to a scoring session, put Jerry on the ivories and start jamming? How cool would that be? Then it starts to sink in. He's not coming back. That day has come.

I think it was *Poltergeist*. I'm not sure. It may have been the first *Star Trek* score or maybe one of Joe Dante's films (*Gremlins* or, more likely, *Explorers*). But I'm pretty sure it was *Poltergeist*: the first Jerry Goldsmith score I ever heard. To this day it remains my favorite film score of all time. It's got everything. Those quiet, unearthly, ethereal moments priming you for the scares. Those ferocious, atonal attack pieces. And Carol Anne's theme. That's it, really: Carol Anne's theme. A lullaby, so simple and haunting and yet so precious and magical and breathtaking. *Poltergeist* sums up everything I love about Jerry Goldsmith's music—and about film music in general. Before I heard that score, I never really understood what music could do, how it could grab you, shake you, and make your heart and mind soar.

I go back through his list of credits, and it's like stepping back in time, going back to when I was a little kid, weaned on Elfman and Williams and Horner, playing cues like "Raisuli Attacks"

or "The Hunt" or "Clever Girl" over and over again, like some people do with "Stairway to Heaven" or "You Shook Me All Night Long" or "Smells Like Teen Spirit." There's a memory associated with every single Goldsmith CD I own, and they're all good. That was the kind of artist he was. Even when he was on autopilot he could knock it out of the park. He was the first musician whose work I took seriously, whose career I followed and studied with great interest and anticipation. For years, I listened to film music almost exclusively, and if anyone was ever a rock star to me, Jerry was it.

So imagine a kid that grows up like this, with music with *no words*—by this guy no one's ever heard of—always blasting out of the headphones that are constantly draped around his neck. You're jamming along with your Guns N' Roses, your Pearl Jam, your Smashing Pumpkins, and you ask this kid what the hell he's listening to, and you get some stammering, muttered response that sounds vaguely like "...film music." Most people just go, "Uh-huh," and continue straight on to MTV. I love my MTV (in the middle of the night, anyway, when they sometimes play the really cool, innovative videos), but I really love my Goldsmith.



I start to drag out all those boxes of CDs I have stuffed in my closet, all those soundtracks I never listen to anymore. Damn, I have a lot of Goldsmith. Dozens. I stack up all his CDs and look at what I have, and for just a second I'm back in high school or college, remembering what it was like to pore over my collection until all hours of the night, playing "The Trees" from *Medicine Man* repeatedly until the CD player burns out from exhaustion. I have far too many of these things, I think, and I suddenly get a weird disconnected feeling as I handle them. They're links to a life I no longer remember, let alone lead, and it is odd to feel so compelled to revisit them. Will I still get a kick out of this stuff, after all these years? I literally haven't listened to film music with any kind of consistent seriousness or attention in years. I got older, kicked over a lot of other rocks for a change and found a lot of new and interesting stuff to occupy myself with, so going back to this whole movie-soundtrack thing feels strange—like a regression. Maybe this isn't such a hot idea after all.



The Wind and the Lion is one of the first things that I spin. I remember getting the CD when I was in high school. The love theme: rapturous. "Raisuli Attacks": still one of my favorite speaker-testing, wall-shaking pieces of orchestral madness ever. I think back and I can suddenly smell the record store where I bought the CD, a musty old place called Arboria Records across the street from the campus of Penn State University. How after I bought it, I immediately tore off the wrapping, popped it into the Discman and sat at the University Creamery with a mint-chocolate milkshake, just listening. That feeling is starting to recede.



Being a Jerry Goldsmith fan is almost as compartmentalized an experience as being a writer for *FSM*; it's a niche within a niche within a niche. To me, his music seemed to speak to a different part of the film score fan community, one that was more intellectualized and abstract. His entire compositional style was built upon a base of sleek professionalism; it always lacked the kind of pop accessibility that someone like, say, John Williams, or Danny Elfman, had in spades. Goldsmith never plied in fun, simple ditties or melodies or themes that were tuneful for their own sake; he always created scores that had a beginning, middle and end, and their trajectory was always more apparent once they were separated from the film. He was a musician first and a dramatist thereafter. (Mind you, this is not to say that Williams and Elfman coast on their themes; quite the contrary.) That was the eternal paradox of Goldsmith's work: He wrote supportive music for another medium that, more often than not, worked better as music in and of itself than it did in the film.

Not that the films were any help. Let's face it. Well-scored crap is, unfortunately, still crap. I've many a Goldsmith album for an execrable movie whose score is exemplary. It's almost his trademark. The gems—things like *Planet of the Apes* and *Chinatown* and *Alien* and *Poltergeist* and *L.A. Confidential*—were few and far between, buttressed by dozens and dozens of disposable genre entries and well-meaning but forgettable dramas and thrillers. Relationships with directors like Joe Dante, Franklin Schaffner and Paul Verhoeven often gave him the chance to do some of his best, most innovative, creative and challenging work, but so many times the films let him down. It was distressing, not to mention maddening, to see so much attention and care lavished on a final product that was such a letdown. I suppose that was Goldsmith's lot. No individual who works in Hollywood for an extended period of time can expect their efforts to be celebrated and brilliantly supported at every turn. It's unrealistic to think so.

But the key, I think, to his music was that he took everything absolutely seriously. He bored into the material, dug around for a while and came up with music that just made sense. It was rare for one of his scores to not feel organic, coherent and of a whole. He never seemed to make fun of the films he worked on, no matter how silly, no matter how easy it would have been to do so. He knew that the hardest part about being an artist is that it is as much of a fight to *sustain* your voice as it is to find it. He pushed the envelope—and himself. He never gave up.



Next is *Poltergeist*. I start thinking about how Lorna Freeze made me a tape of the original LP and how excited I was when

said tape arrived in the mail. How I hooted in delight at the weird echo effect added to the tail end of the end-credit cue, and how pissed off I was when Rhino's otherwise-exemplary CD left the effect out. How Carol Anne's theme seemed like one of those pieces of music that could always work for me, anytime, anywhere.

After that, *Planet of the Apes*. So freakin' weird and yet so fascinating. I can't get enough. Then it's *Medicine Man*. Always had a soft spot for that one. Then it turns into a mix session: the theme from *The Ghost and the Darkness*; "The Hijacking" from *Air Force One*; the theme from *Islands in the Stream*; the "Television Suite" from *Suites and Themes*; "Have a Nice Trip" from *Explorers*; the theme from *Masada*; "Hot Water" from *Outland*; "The Final Game" from *Rudy*; "Chest Pains" from *The Shadow*; "The Fire Dragon" from *The 13th Warrior*. And every second of both *Total Recall* and *Legend*.

Lionheart is what gets me back in the groove. I put the CD into the Discman, just like back in the day, and walk out the door. It begins as all of his music does: themes and ideas laid out with mathematical precision, timbres and orchestrations woven together to create a tapestry of melody and sound that is unmistakably his own. The score is so many things—light of spirit, grand, touching. "King Richard" is what I'd slap on the end of every Goldsmith mix CD; it sends you out with a smile on your face, your feet never quite touching the ground.



I knew only his work. I'd like to think that artists reveal themselves through their work, that stray bits and pieces of themselves make their way into what they create, unblemished and raw. Every artist I've ever known—musician, writer, singer, dancer, actor, painter, photographer, sculptor, filmmaker—has done this in some way or another. When I listen to a Goldsmith score, one where he's really firing on all cylinders and putting his blood, sweat and tears into it and giving it everything he's got, I always hear precision and romanticism, intelligence and sophistication, humor and generosity.

And he never quit. At the end of the day, it was always all about the work. That's why it's so, so fitting that a score like *Looney Tunes: Back in Action* turned out to be his swan song. The Varèse album is 37 minutes of a musician in his twilight years, looking back at his own body of work with a smile on his face and a little extra skip in his step. The sound of the man's entire career is jammed into that one amazing album: the westerns, the sci-fi thrillers, the spy movies, the antic comedies, the straight-up thrillers and dramas. And the film, for a change, does him justice. Far from the dismal failure it's made out to be, it's actually a note-perfect channeling of the anything-goes style and anarchic spirit of the classic Looney Tunes shorts, and it's a scream.

Goldsmith is always in on the joke, even when the joke is on him. Early on in *Looney Tunes: Back in Action*, Brendan Fraser and Daffy Duck hit the road in an ancient Gremlin, and the subsequent quote of Goldsmith's theme to the same-named film is one of its best jokes. His work for Joe Dante has always been his most outlandish, his most free-spirited and his most unbridled—his id let loose upon an orchestra. And so it's both ironic and amusing to find that the quote sums up so much about the man and the music he was so dedicated to. In the end, it was all about a fun, simple ditty. **FSM**

Goldsmith Without Tears

(continued from page 22)

But we knew a part of him, and I don't think it's fannish solipsism that makes me write that. He left behind the music, which now sounds a little different, doesn't it? The theme from *Papillon*, which I never much cared for, has haunted me since the news of his death. I had always found it a bit too sappy and did not get its popularity. That score's ferocious action music—now that was more his style. My style.

Now that Jerry Goldsmith is gone, we have to accept that his conversation with us is gone. His scores are no longer just pieces in an ongoing project but parts of a whole, completed thing. Corny as it sounds, all that we really knew of him is right there, waiting inside those shiny discs, ready to start the conversation with some new fan who knows he is gone and thus has no artificial connection to feel. But the content of Goldsmith's side of the discussion will be as vivid as it was when the man lived.

So in the end, was the long conversation I shared with Jerry Goldsmith real? Yes, as real as any nonverbal communication that communicates, as real as a smile, a frown. As real as a wave goodbye. **FSM**

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Mail Bag

(continued from page 10)

Exhibit A: "Main Title"
A pure delight, this cue always brings a smile to my face. The melody, in 6/8 time, is incredibly catchy. I still find myself whistling it after all these years. A jazzy tune that Dave Brubeck or Vince Guaraldi would have been proud to have written!

Exhibit B: "Odin Dva Tri, Kick!"
This music accompanies an exciting chase across the rooftops of Moscow. A riotous four-minute fantasia for orchestra and electric bass guitar, wherein Goldsmith incorporates the theme from *Our Man Flint*, a quote from Tchaikovsky's *Swan Lake*–*and* the famous Russian folk melody "Meadowlands"!

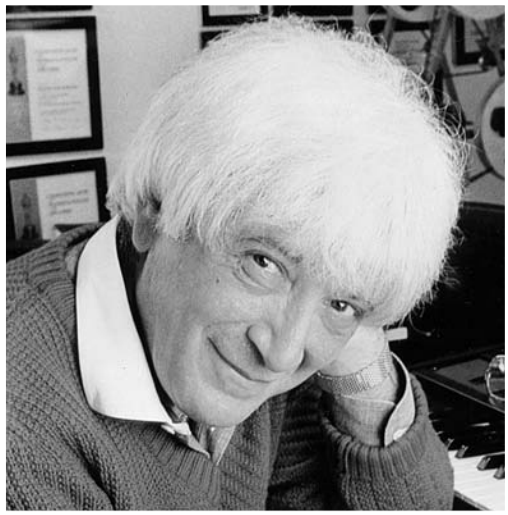
Could the late, great Bernard Herrmann have written a score like this? Are you kidding?!
Could Goldsmith's brilliant contemporary John Williams? Maybe, but if he has, I haven't heard it.
Jerry Goldsmith possessed an uncanny ability to write great music in any style for any film genre. A one-of-a kind talent.
I rest my case.

Bruce R. Marshall

A Radical Force

As a composer, specifically of the experimental ilk, who takes interest in radical innovation and who steadfastly recognizes in the work of Jerry Goldsmith something unquestionably radical, I feel the need to address the misgivings I often have when reading through the various, now-posthumous, summaries of his impact. I must protest that while perhaps slightly fresh within the context of Hollywood film scoring, neither the stylistic techniques nor the orchestrations he employed amount to the true mark of his innovation. Indeed, in any academic composition program, one can fairly rapidly learn the odd-changing-meter neo-classicism, the "primitivism," the polytonalism, the serialism, the contrapuntal and fugal structures, the electronic music knowhow and the handful of extended techniques he often used. They're all canonical, ancient history.

With a little more work, one



may even choose to become as adept an orchestrator. Not to diminish the personality and skill expressed through Goldsmith's particular imaginative bent in employing his diverse "toolbox" of formal strategies and techniques, but with all due respect, every last element of his musical discourse was fully elaborated and accepted long before Goldsmith ever touched it. Indeed, one could engage in laundry-list-making to enumerate all the craftsmanly proficiencies for any number of generally uninteresting, midbrow, mediocre composers (on many of whom has been bestowed the ultimate token of irrelevancy: the Pulitzer Prize). When writing of the merits of any artist—but particularly of a great film composer, who must necessarily work within abnormally extreme conservative boundaries governing appearances and rhetoric—the exercise is utterly beside the point.

It is embarrassing to read obituaries pointing to the use of serialism or Stravinsky-inspired rhythmic schemes or certain extended brass techniques—this induces no more profound response than a yawn in anyone who knows the first thing about advanced music. Why? Because these characteristics in themselves are old-fashioned and unnoteworthy. Formal technique is not the level at which interesting, innovative things happen (or are allowed to happen) in film music—Goldsmith's or anyone else's. While an account of Goldsmith's fairly sophisticated musical language may be instructive, it improperly designates Goldsmith's innovation and does his work a vast injustice.

Yet I insist: Goldsmith was a singular radical force in film scoring. I hope here to suggest where we ought to begin when appraising what was so incredibly new about his work. Goldsmith was the first truly modern of the major Hollywood film composers in that he was the first to fully realize, in his best work, the radically poetic function of music in film. By this, I mean its capacity to engage the very underlying expressive texture of filmic experience as distinct from its more obvious traits—the script and its texts and subtexts, story elements, and character delineation as well as all matter of visual narrative and staging—and approach a deeper grain of the experience still than even its subtler degrees of psychological disposition and dramatic structure. He understood that the essential component in the experience of film is properly neither seen nor heard, and that this most enigmatic degree holds the primary richness of the experience. What he knew intuitively and so well was that a properly oblique scoring approach could somehow provide an intensified record of this radically emotional terrain. Well-known examples demonstrate this point beautifully: *Alien*, *Chinatown*, *Planet of the Apes*. I just saw *Seconds* for the first time at a revival and was utterly blown away. This, I want to emphasize, was unprecedented before Goldsmith, perhaps only suggested in the greatest Herrmann scores. Indeed, it represented a radical break with theater and opera that helped move film into its own distinctive modern being, not as a script-entity, a stage-entity or a scene entity, but as something completely other; something experienced sensually somewhere in between the screen and the audience. Goldsmith's innovation set the course for all film scoring to follow (demonstrated primarily, it must be ruefully noted, in the generic sentimentalist kitsch of so many scores that ostensibly try for the "subtler approach"), and every composer now working in film, worthy and not, by necessity confronts the aesthetic challenges raised by Goldsmith's legacy.

Rest in peace, Jerry; you're the best there ever was. Thanks to you, it'll never be the same.

Mark So
mark_so@hotmail.com

What? Who?

In the interest of negativity, I was disheartened by the number of mainstream Jerry Goldsmith obituaries that claimed his strength was his chameleonic nature that resulted in "no identifiable style." The main reason Jerry Goldsmith was one of the world's finest composers is precisely the opposite. His style was so strongly identifiable that it would come through loud and clear, often in a matter of the score's opening bar, regardless of whichever musical genre(s) he happened to be working in at the time. And that's what made for such a consistently diverse but *coherent* body of work.

Jonathan Z. Kaplan, FSM

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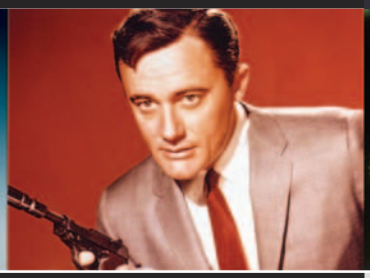
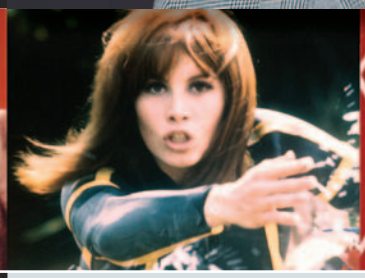
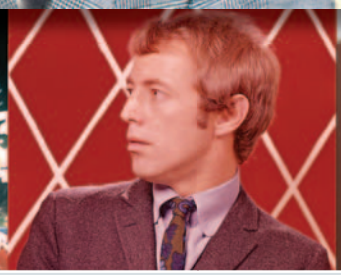
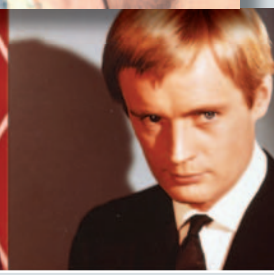
Composed by **Jerry Goldsmith, Dave Grusin,** et al.

FILM SCORE MONTHLY'S PREVIOUS RELEASES of music from *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.*, the show that launched television's '60s spy craze, have been among the fastest-selling, best-reviewed titles in the history of the label.

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DISC ONE

1.	First Season **Main Title**, revised/extended (Jerry Goldsmith, arr. Morton Stevens)	1:00
2.	**Jerry Goldsmith Medley**	2:57
3.	**The Quadripartite Affair** (Walter Scharf)	3:27
4.	**The Double Affair**, suite no. 2 (Stevens)	6:20
5.	**Belly Laughs** (Goldsmith)	2:21
6.	**The Finny Foot Affair** (Stevens)	4:51
7.	**The Fiddlesticks Affair**, suite no.2 (Schifrin)	5:17
8.	**The Yellow Scarf Affair** (Stevens)	3:35
9.	**Meet Mr. Solo** (Goldsmith)	3:03
10.	**The Spy With My Face** main title (Stevens)	4:09
11.	**The Discotheque Affair**, suite no. 2 (Gerald Fried)	4:31
12.	**The Nowhere Affair** (Robert Drasnin)	2:48
13.	**U.N.C.L.E. A Go Go** (Fried)	3:05
14.	**The Bat Cave Affair** (Fried)	4:42
15.	**One of Our Spies Is Missing** (Fried)	1:09
16.	**The Monks of St. Thomas Affair**, suite no. 2 (Fried)	3:46
17.	**The Spy in the Green Hat** main title (Goldsmith, arr. Fried/Armbruster)	3:19
18.	**Gerald Fried Medley**	7:21
19.	The Karate Killers (Fried)	1:51
20.	Richard Shores Medley	6:37
	Total Disc Time:	77:21

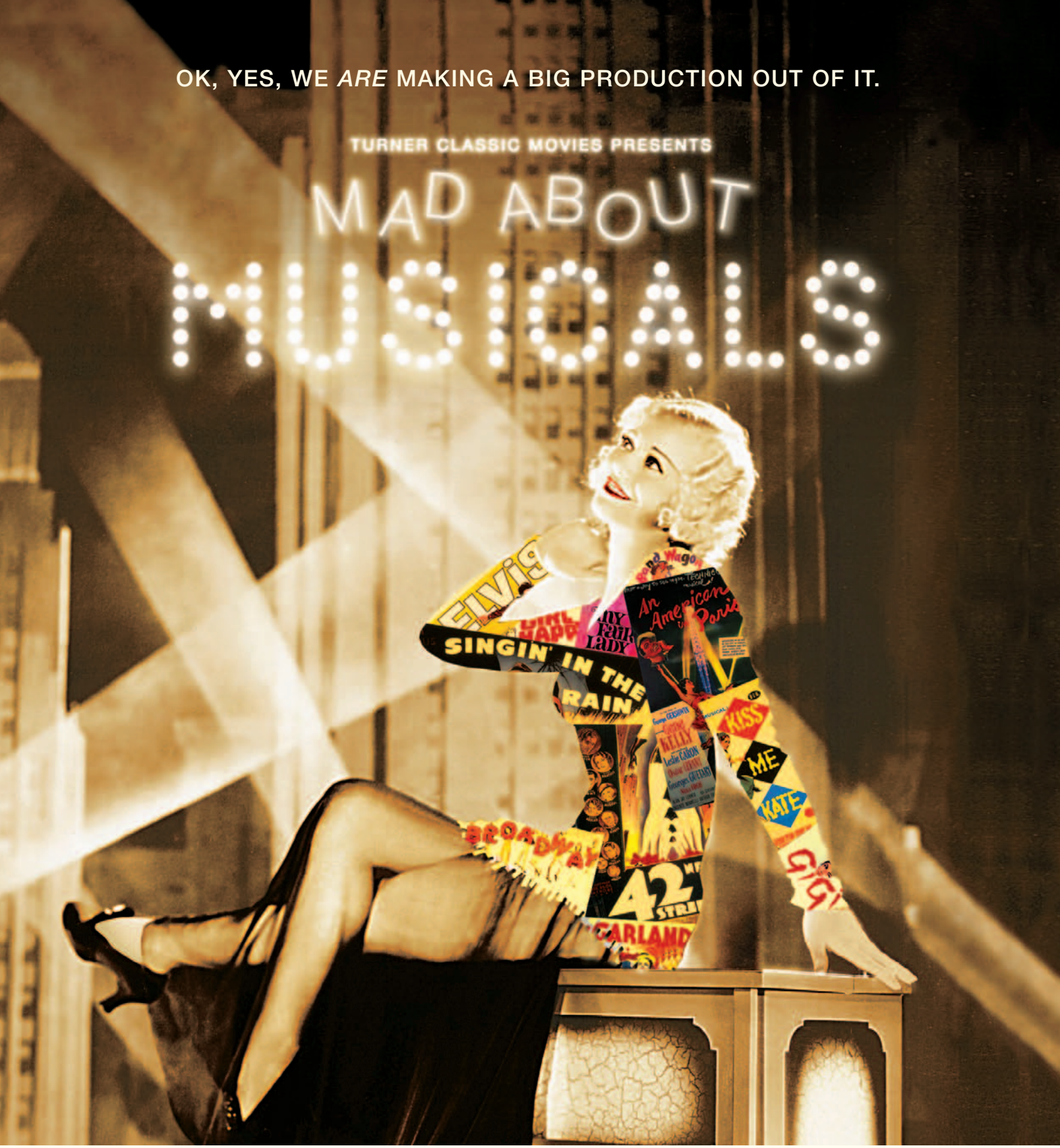
Album produced by **Jon Burlingame**

DISC TWO

1.	**The Girl From U.N.C.L.E.** main title (Goldsmith, arr. Dave Grusin)	0:34
2.	**The Dog-Gone Affair** (Grusin)	5:28
3.	**The Prisoner of Zalamar Affair** (Shores)	6:32
4.	**The Mother Muffin Affair** (Grusin)	10:59
5.	**The Mata Hari Affair** (Grusin)	7:44
6.	**The Montori Device Affair** (Shores)	5:31
7.	**The Horns-of-the-Dilemma Affair** (Jack Marshall)	2:05
8.	**The Girl From U.N.C.L.E. end title** (Goldsmith, arr. Grusin)	0:39
9.	**The Deadly Quest Affair:** teaser	3:57
10.	**The Deadly Quest Affair:** Act I	7:48
11.	**The Deadly Quest Affair:** Act II	9:07
12.	**The Deadly Quest Affair:** Act III	7:24
13.	**The Deadly Quest Affair:** Act IV (Goldsmith)	8:06
	Total Disc Time:	77:03

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See page 23 for details



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